Saturday Review

MARCH 2, 1957 / 20¢

SR/RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

MINERS OF THE SKY . . . By John Lear

NEVER MEET AN AUTHOR
By Frank Swinnerton

Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., author of "The Crisis of the Old Order."

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The Saturday Review
MARCH 2, 1957

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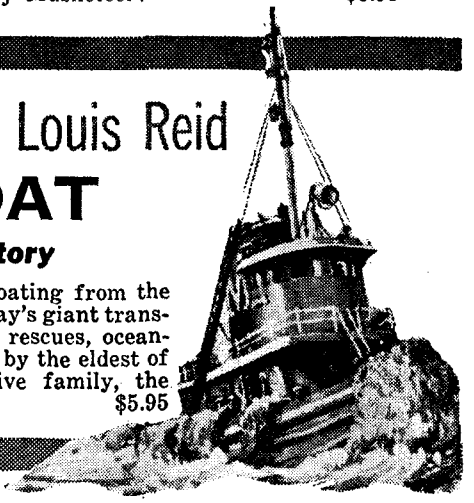
Books to remember

Jules Eckert Goodman
EDITOR

THE ROAD TO MONTE CRISTO
The Memoirs of Alexandre Dumas

A vivid self-portrait, skillfully edited for readers of today from Dumas' six-volume autobiography. Here is Dumas as a playwright in Paris and as a veritable D'Artagnan in the Revolution of 1830—an adventurer as dashing as any Musketeer! $5.95

Eugene Moran and Louis Reid
TUGBOAT
The Moran Story



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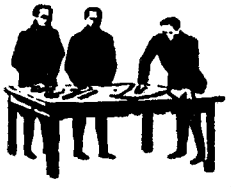

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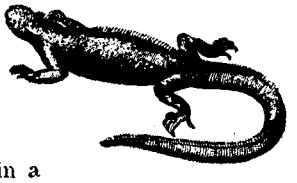
Marston Bates and Philip S. Humphrey
EDITORS

THE DARWIN READER



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Dr. Livingstone, I Presume?

A BIOGRAPHY OF HENRY M. STANLEY

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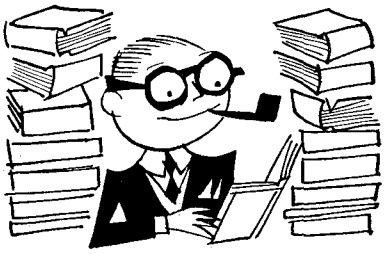
TRADE Winds

SURPRISE VISITOR AT a recent luncheon of the Society of Midland Authors in Chicago was Comedian Jerry Lewis. Writes Fanny Butcher: "Just before we sat down, an army major none of us ever had seen before walked in and handed Jerry a five-dollar bill. 'I wish this was ten times as much,' he said, 'but I want you to use it for research in muscular dystrophy. My little boy has it.' Not the least bit surprised, Mr. Lewis took out a fountain pen, wrote MDR on the bill, and put it in his wallet. 'This happens everywhere I go,' he explained. 'I always carry a special wallet for muscular dystrophy'." Lewis told the Society that he has written, and will produce a movie this year concerning juvenile delinquency . . . Meyer Levin, whose fictionalized version of the Leopold-Loeb case, "Compulsion," is riding high on current best-seller charts, also has been hitting the lecture circuit this season. In Boston, a young co-ed asked him, "When you pick a subject for a book, should you try for big sales or for literary satisfaction?" Levin countered, "When you pick a husband, marry for love and hope he turns out to have money." "Compulsion," incidentally, was classified as a "law book" by a legal journal, reviewed in the mystery department by two newspapers, recommended to doctors by a medical weekly—and kept a gossip columnist up all night "trying to figure the true identity of the principal characters."

COMING AND CHOICE: an offbeat satire on French politics by John Steinbeck called "The Short Reign of Pippin IV"

. . . Jim Bishop's "The Day Christ Died," similar in construction to his "The Day Lincoln Was Shot" . . . Richard Bissell's "Say, Darling," a thinly disguised and very funny account of the vicissitudes experienced by the "Pajama Girl" troupe during the pre-Broadway tryouts . . . A warm and delightful saga of an Armenian-American family called "A Houseful of Love," by Marjorie Housepian . . . Bosley Crowther's "The Lion's Share," the kaleidoscopic history of M-G-M . . . "The Master" by T. H. White, author of that wonderful book about King Arthur's court, "The Sword in the Stone" . . . New Novels by Erich Maria



Remarque ("The Black Obelisk"); H. L. Davis ("The Distant Music") and versatile Orson Welles ("Mr. Arkadin"). Maybe this will be the season, too, that Katherine Anne Porter's long-promised "Ship of Fools" will finally see the light of day.

IN "INDIANA WRITERS," published by Purdue University, Professor Richard Cordell proudly lists the surprising number of literary luminaries who were born in the Hoosier state. Among the ones who later headed for other parts were George Jean Nathan, A. B. Guthrie, Elmer Davis, David Graham Phillips, Lloyd Douglas, Theodore Dreiser, Ross Lockridge, Jr., Alfred Kinsey, Joseph Hayes, Emily Kimbrough, and Ernie Pyle. Natives who liked Indiana well enough to stay there or thereabouts include James Whitcomb Riley, George Ade, Kim Hubbard, Lew Wallace, Meredith Nicholson, Gene Stratton Porter, and Booth Tarkington. Senator Albert Beveridge, Charles and Mary Beard, and Claude Bowers were Indiana historians and biographers of note. Wendell Willkie was born in Indiana, too. (I wonder if anybody is reading "One World" these days?)

IN "A WIFE IS MANY WOMEN," Doris Fleischman Bernays observes, "Any woman who works outside the home and keeps house is in danger of developing a double sense of guilt. She probably overworks in both jobs to placate her conscience. She has to prove to herself that she is not shirking office work for household duties, and she works overtime at housewifery because she spends her days at an office. We feel guilty because we are expected to do so many things for

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which we haven't time, training, or skill."

A COLLECTOR'S ITEM indeed is the handsome folio of epitaphs concocted by the Grabhorn Press for Nat Schmulowitz and fellow members of the Roxburghe Club of San Francisco.

It leads off, appropriately enough, with the famous epitaph of Ben Franklin's: "The body of Benjamin Franklin, Printer, (like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out, and stript of its lettering and gilding), lies here, food for worms. Yet the work itself shall not be lost, for it will, as he believed, appear once more in a new and more beautiful edition, corrected and amended by the Author."

Here are a few of the other epitaphs included:

Here lies entombed one Roger Morton,
Whose sudden death was early brought on;
Trying one day his corn to mow off,
The razor slipped and cut his toe off.
The toe, or rather what it grew to,
An inflammation quickly flew to;
The parts they took to mortifying
And poor dear Roger took to dying.

Here, reader, turn your weeping eyes,
My fate a useful moral teaches:
The hole in which my body lies
Would not contain one half my speeches.

Here lies my wife, poor Mollie. Let her lie.
She finds repose at last, and so do I.

Here lie I and my three daughters,
Kill'd by drinking Cheltenham waters.
If we had stuck to Epsom salts,
We'd not be lying in these here vaults.

Here lies Jane Smith,
Wife of Thomas Smith, Marble Cutter.
This monument was erected by her husband as a tribute to her memory
and a specimen of his work.
Monuments of this same style are two hundred and fifty dollars.

B. A. BOTKIN, EDITOR OF "New York City Folklore," paused to show his barber some of the fine reviews he had been accorded. "Now," nodded the barber, "you must come round to the shop and see some of *my* clippings" . . . Esther Trulli tells about a professor of ancient history who took a long, disapproving look at his new-born son and told the doctor, "We'll name him Theophilus." "Why wish a name like that on the poor little tyke?" asked the doctor. "Because," said the professor, "he's Theophilus looking baby

I ever saw" . . . At the office of *The New York Mirror*, a noted sports promoter button-holed Harry Hershfield and announced, "Harry, I've got seven inches of space in my new bookshelf to fill. Who's an important author in two volumes?" . . . Cynical quotation received from Private Art Berger, stationed at last reports at Cameron Station, Alexandria, Va.: "The rain it raineth on the just/And also on the unjust fella,/But mostly on the just because/The unjust steals the just's umbrella" . . . One of Alan Dunn's best cartoons depicts a 1957 model Army induction officer reminding a group of new draftees, "Army life may be something of a letdown after those modern war novels!"

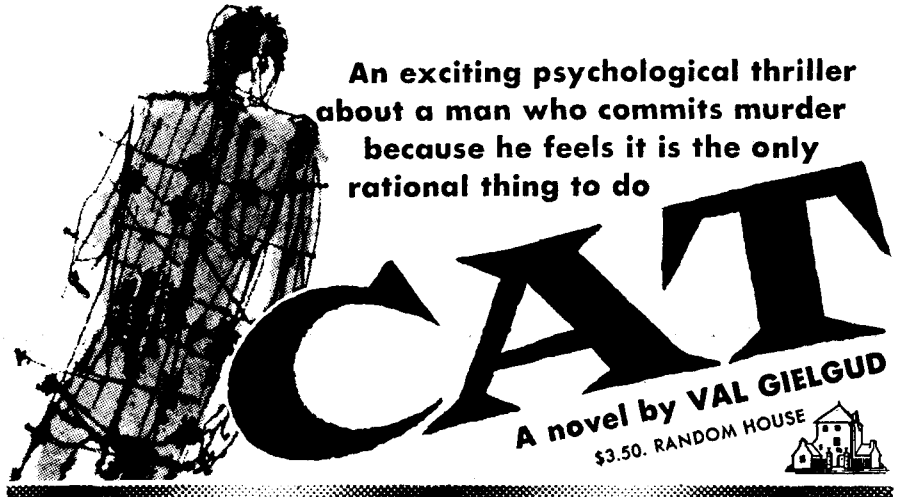
MARTIN RUSS, in "The Last Parallel," confirms the fact that few of the soldiers in Korea knew what they were fighting for. "This," submits Charles Poore (whose book reviews consistently delight me), "is a serious fault of the information services, our own and those of our allies. The most effective thing to do, perhaps, would be to distribute as widely as possible Sir Winston Churchill's wartime observation that those who asked why we were fighting would learn soon enough if the Western democracies suddenly gave up the battle."

—BENNETT CERF.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1196)

WILLIAM K. ZINSSER:
SEA STORIES
(FROM THE SOUTH SEAS)

Dutch emigrants from Amsterdam to New Zealand and Australia streamed ashore—pale, blond men and women with dozens of children. . . . At dusk they trudged back, reluctantly, carrying fresh fruits. . . . They are the true pioneers in the Pacific today.


An exciting psychological thriller about a man who commits murder because he feels it is the only rational thing to do
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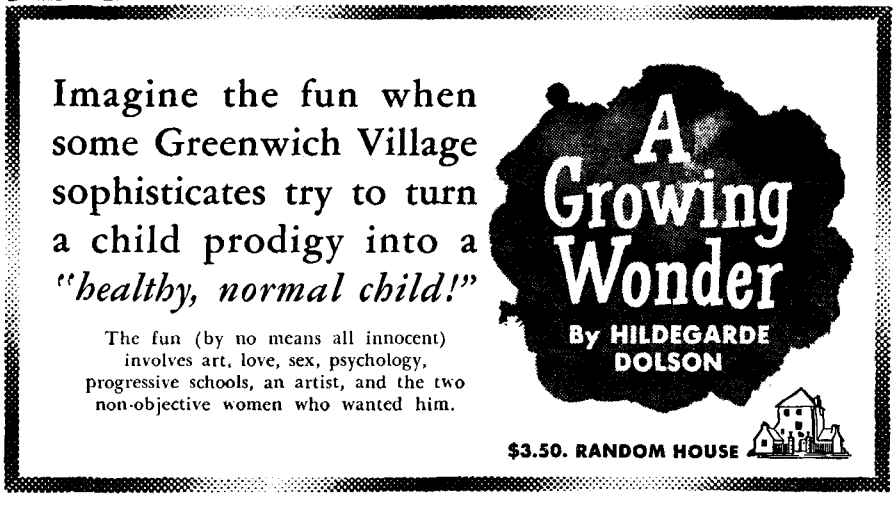
Imagine the fun when some Greenwich Village sophisticates try to turn a child prodigy into a "healthy, normal child!"
The fun (by no means all innocent) involves art, love, sex, psychology, progressive schools, an artist, and the two non-objective women who wanted him.
A Growing Wonder
By HILDEGARDE DOLSON
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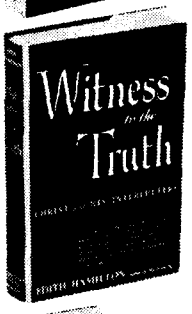

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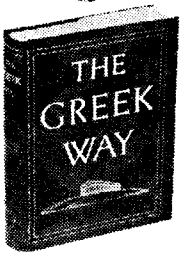

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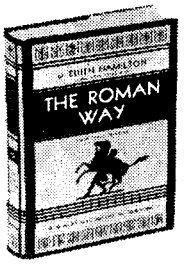

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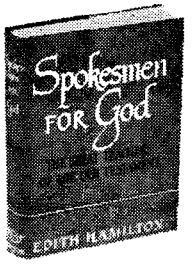

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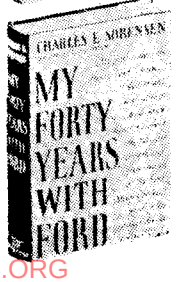

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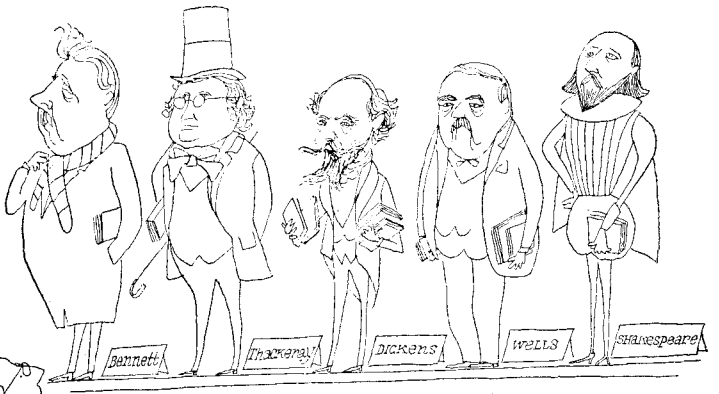
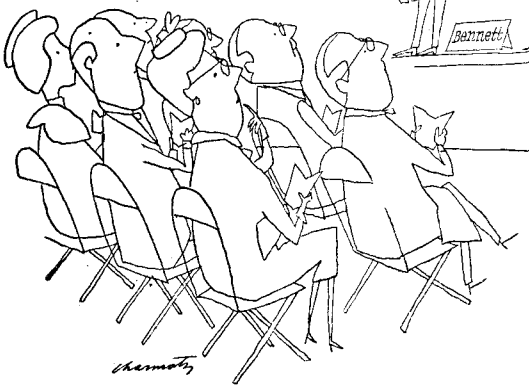
The Saturday Review
MARCH 2, 1957

NEVER MEET AN AUTHOR





Frank Swinnerton has been in writing and publishing ever since starting work as an office boy at the age of fifteen, in 1899. In the years that followed, as a clerk, reader, and critic, as well as a prolific author on his own, he has been able to form personal impressions of most of the famous English writers of his time. His literary autobiography, "Background with Chorus," will be published this month.

By FRANK SWINNERTON

THE hazards of authorship are innumerable. Here is one to which little attention has been paid.

Thirty years ago, after I had spoken in New York, my agent's manager candidly remarked: "The lecture's not much; but they like you. They always hate Hergesheimer and Sinclair Lewis at sight; one because he's so ugly, the other because he's so rude." I am reminded of this comment by a letter just received from a friend who is widely acquainted with living writers. He says: "Sometimes knowing authors detracts from one's enjoyment of their books. I find it almost impossible to read ———, ———, ———, ———, *et al.*"

My friend was not guilty of an audience's arbitrary first impressions. He was not exclaiming, as another friend did long ago after a passing glimpse of his idol, H. G. Wells, "What! That commonplace little man *Wells*? I can't believe it!" He intimately knows the men and women whose names I have indicated by dashes; and he was thinking in terms of close personal contacts. It is these contacts which destroy reverence and admiration.

We all react, of course, to a personality revealed in print. We find Shakespeare's mercurial gaiety more agreeable than Ben Jonson's strong but cantankerous genius, and love (or do not love) Jane Austen for her mischievous ridicules while in spite of a more profuse humanity George Eliot seems to us a prig. But my friend's confession did not refer to such sympathies. He was considering the differences between the modern author's *persona* as conveyed to the public and his character as seen by his intimates.

The difference has become more striking as authors have become more self-conscious and self-protective. One may read between Montaigne's lines and discover, I understand, some small evasions; but on the whole this first writer to chat with us emerges much as he seemed to himself. So, unless we are persecuting psychologists, do Dickens and Thackeray, who, however much they suppressed, did no more than sentimentalize their self-portraits. It is only when one comes to modern times that the calculated effort to build up a public personality much superior to the real one is seen to be common. Advertisement has intoxicated those who desire success.

THIS contradiction is emphatic in other classes. Arnold Bennett once dined in company with three very famous politicians. He was naive enough to be horrified by the fact that for a whole evening their conversation ran exclusively on mean little schemes for "dishing" either political opponents or too ambitious rivals. Not one word passed between them about desperately urgent public affairs. The famous men saved every noble sentiment for the platform.

With authors, whose platform is the

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printed word, matters are more subtle, or more minute. One is most strongly affected in their case by inadvertent betrayals of character. Having heard a man being ribald at the expense of his betters, we observe that in print he flatters them because they can assist his career. Knowing that he is a cad, or a miser, we are nauseated at finding in his next book an ostentation of spirituality. If he is homosexual, the odor of that complaint rises, for us, from every unctuous or supercilious line of his prose or poetry. If we have seen him offensive to waiters, or his wife; if he is a sponger; or if we detect the cunnings of the *arriviste,* no oddness or impudence of talent will make him easy to read. We see the man; we recognize his falsity; we react morally to the faults we have so much disliked in personal encounters. For us his disguises are useless.

Sometimes it is not a question of fault or disguise. A poet or novelist may be too fat, or cursed with an hysterical sniggering laugh. His speaking voice may be rusty, he may splutter, or he may fidget with a kind of temperamental palsy. Nervousness, I think, rather than want of courtesy, was what made Sinclair Lewis unpopular (if he was unpopular) with his audiences.

Lewis was lean, sandy, freckled, red-eyerimmed, impulsively energetic, terribly copious and without repose, given to outspokenness of a kind disconcerting to the staid, and full of enthusiasm; the sort of man who, suddenly crying "Let's go gay!" would rush to an automobile, whirl through the country at immense speed, and turn up far away at three o'clock in the morning, rousing friends from their beds for chat, whisky, and impersonation.

He could drink furiously, talk without end, impersonate for an hour or five hours a salesman from the Middle West, and exhaust everybody but himself. He could be an appalling nuisance. Yet he had huge capacity for respect, as for generosity; he was eager to praise; he had none of the small literary vices which interfere, if the reader knows the man, with pleasure in his work. When a friendly reader did not enjoy that work, it was because it was strident and lacked finesse. There were no base pretenses in it.

Unluckily, Lewis was forced by his restless nature to live at high tension. "Going gay" meant that his tormented self could bear its own solitude no longer. I think he then heard his own voice, disliked it, and knew there was no hope of changing it. He became as much irritated and repelled by the Middle West salesman as any other weary listener. Flight was his only resource.

In England he met two men for whom he felt tremendous admiration —Wells and Arnold Bennett. But Wells hated noise. Having a great gift for caricature, which he showed with extreme brevity, he could not be bothered to listen to a whole evening of the Middle West salesman. He paralyzed men by a curious form of constraint, so that in the midst of efforts to impress him favorably they were stricken by a sense of dreadful failure. Their tongues faltered. Lewis's tongue faltered. "Why is it," he demanded of Arnold Bennett, "that I

can talk to you, and not to Wells?"

The question would have taken a year to answer. It would have required full biographies of all three men, and the most perceptive analyses of temperament and talent. If they had been able to tolerate differences in manner, outlook, and morality, they would have found kinship; but while Lewis could talk to Bennett, because Bennett was a listener, he could not move Bennett from his settled ways. Bennett was sedentary and systematic. Lewis, sober and trying to please him was like a great puppy gamboling around an elderly dog. With Wells he was like the same puppy barking at a cat on a wall above him. Neither dog nor cat wished to "go gay" as Lewis understood the term. After a first experiment, and with full admission of his gifts, neither felt able to read Lewis's novels.

Similar reluctance was felt by some of their acquaintance to read the novels of Bennett and Wells. Bennett's harsh stammering voice and superior tailoring caused fastidious Bloomsburians to shudder. They invented the legend that he was a provincial bounder who, in their favorite word of censure, was "commercial." Others, impressed by his innocence, could not take seriously his air of knowing all about women and the world. Others merely hated him. He aroused the strongest prejudice, which was so warmly extended to his friends that A. B. Walkley, when asked if he liked my own novels, exclaimed "I haven't read them. I can't stand Arnold Bennett."

From Wells, in the same way, many shrank on the slightest acquaintance. They found him commonplace, cheap, quarrelsome. They could not read

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him at all. If they tried to do so, they disliked his opinions, his assurance, the portraits of his mistresses. One of them assured me that the word "furtive" occurred significantly over and over again in his books (it was a statement I never verified); and finally declared: "It's no good. I simply cannot get over the man himself!"

Upon too many of the later generation of highly talented writers lies the charge of homosexuality. It is the first and easiest label to be attached to any man of gifts, from T. E. Lawrence to the latest genius; and in the majority of cases is unwarranted. Nevertheless, this sickness of the body exists, and those who suffer from it can be named. The sexually normal do not find it easy to read with pleasure what other homosexuals relish and praise with unlimited huzzas. My correspondent, being sexually normal, includes at least one of the sick in his list. That a writer should be pompous or affected, avaricious or bad tempered, may disturb his enjoyment of idyllic fancy and delicate prose; but that a writer should pretend to be as other men, when he is in fact half a woman, is so odious to him that he ceases to be tolerant. He also ceases to read.

But a man need not be vicious or abnormal to become a chokepear. He has but to be guilty of some small misdemeanor towards the reader himself. Then every time the reader sights a book written by the offender, the wretched fellow is present to him as an object of loathing. His horrible voice, his flabby hand, his habit of getting solemnly drunk or spilling soup down his dress waistcoat, leaps up from each coy page. Anything will do, in the way of behavior, if it has once been found distasteful.

In half a century's active consorting with authors, I have liked and disliked fairly freely. The number of those whose work and characters were equally admirable has been distressingly small; but I must admit that I set honesty and magnanimity above all other traits. I dislike bad manners, which are very common among our more arrogant and less original writers. Where they are present in the men, I find them in the work. Other defects do not worry me. I did not think Hergesheimer ugly, nor Lewis rude. The fundamental timidity of the one, and the unhappiness of the other, made abiding impressions upon me.

I was not affected by Bennett's voice or Wells's supposed insignificance (which he underlined by calling himself, in his books, "little Wilkins, the novelist"), because Wells's lovable mischief out-colored, for me, every notorious defect; and because Bennett's decency, as one would expect from "The Old Wives' Tale," "Clayhanger," and "Lord Raingo," never failed. He might lapse as an author; he did not once lapse as a friend. This is a fact which should be known to those who did not "know" him.

What made Wells's books less easy for me to read was never thrusting memory of the man I met so familiarly, but perception of an unfamiliar man, the anxious re-shaper of our world into something at once too inhuman and too obviously unrealized for my liking. I did not find Bennett's books hard to read. They were written, here and there, with labor and without resilience; but they were always completely characteristic. The emphatic diction which displeased strangers arose so evidently from his stammer that his friends accepted it; and although the books vary much in quality every one is charged with his own simple magnanimity.

There are other writers, living and dead, whom I find it hard, for personal reasons, to read. I share my correspondent's views of all whom I was forced to name by dashes. In every case I am aware of carefully concealed dishonesties, vanities, anxieties, and misrepresentations. Such faults are not, perhaps, commoner in authors than in other men; but when they are apparent, and are in conflict with public reputation, attained or sought, they are fatal.

This confirms a belief which I first began to hold long ago, when I was a publishers' assistant and saw, as it were, without being seen. It is that authors should never be met, or, if met, only in circumstances most favorable to ignorance. They are lonely creatures; they would be wise to remain so. Otherwise even their graces may pall, and their enemies become a host. I really believe that the fond readers who would like to "know" their favorites should hug every illusion about them. My friend has revealed a truth. Knowing authors does indeed "make it difficult to enjoy their books." The word in the majority of cases might well be "impossible."

POISON-PEN PIX

H. G. Wells.

DAVID GARNETT: "I can see Wells now as I first saw him, a small figure bouncing along like a rubber ball . . . positively bouncing with ill-suppressed energy."

FORD MADOX FORD: "Outwardly Wells of those days seemed to me most to resemble one of those rather small British generals who were so unlimitedly beloved by their men. . . . Blond, rather stock, with a drooping cavalry mustache and with eyes always darting about, I fancy he would have been happy as a general."

Arnold Bennett.

CLIVE BELL: "Arnold Bennett was an insignificant little man and ridiculous to boot. He was the boy from Staffordshire who was making good, in his bowler hat and reach-me-downs."

SIR GERALD KELLY: "Bennett was a figure of fun. His teeth stuck out through his upper lip. He talked through his nose, and with the most appalling accent. He had the most overbearing, showy manner."

REBECCA WEST: "Though Bennett was not actually obese, his outlines had the swelling qualities of a balloon. He moved his limbs with a curious stiffness, as if they were thick like a pachyderm's."

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ASCAP vs. BMI—II

By CARL HAVERLIN, *president, Broadcast Music, Inc. who replies to last week's article by Mr. Oscar Hammerstein II.*

MR. OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, author of many of America's best loved song lyrics, expressed in last week's issue (*SR* Feb. 23) concern for the future of popular music on the air. As he pointed out, the two principal organizations which license the public performing rights of music are the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers (ASCAP), of which Mr. Hammerstein is a director, and Broadcast Music, Inc. (BMI).

Mr. Hammerstein does not attempt to cite evidence of any current abuse, but he expresses fear that there is "evidence of a concentration of power that *could* be abused." He fears for the future exploitation of popular songs because, he says, "BMI predominates because it makes the records and controls the channels through which they are played."

Mr. Hammerstein is mistaken on all counts. Of course, BMI does no such things and has no such powers as he ascribes to us.

BMI feels at least as strongly as he that no barriers should restrict the creators of the music that Americans want to hear. It was out of this deep conviction that BMI came into being seventeen years ago. At that time ASCAP had a wholly unrestrained monopoly of performing rights. Only ASCAP members (less than 1,000 writers and 150 publishers) had any opportunity whatever of sharing in the proceeds of public performance. ASCAP had admission standards more rigorous than a private club. Seventy-five per cent of those few writers who were admitted to ASCAP membership were permitted to divide among themselves only 1 per cent of ASCAP's gross.

ASCAP fixed prices free of any restraint whatsoever. Indeed, in 1941 fines were imposed upon ASCAP, its officers and directors (including Mr. Hammerstein) in a criminal antitrust action.

BMI was formed to bring competition into this field. It has done so. Under the pressures of this competition, ASCAP has been forced to liberalize its admission policies. BMI has made contracts, far less restrictive than ASCAP's, with several thousand writers and publishers. Under these short term contracts, none exceeding five years in length, BMI licenses, for limited periods of time, performing rights for which it makes payments to the publishers and writers who own the works involved. As a result, thousands of publishers and writers now have an opportunity to share in performing rights payments.

Because BMI stock is owned by networks and by 623 of the 3,362 stations on the air today, and because two major record companies are connected with network enterprises, Mr. Hammerstein says that he fears the future effects on ASCAP of the BMI competition. Out of this, he says, could come the "concentration of power that *could* be abused." Demonstrably this has not happened in the past. Any consideration of the facts demonstrates that it could not possibly happen in the future.

The executive of ASCAP in charge of its performing statistics has stated under oath that 85 per cent of the copyrighted music on radio and 90 per cent of the music on television is licensed by ASCAP.

The record companies connected with networks by no means dominate the recording field. A recent trade paper story points out that in 1956 the records listed as the most popular in trade publications were spread among thirty-eight separate record labels. Some of the major record companies are affiliated with motion-picture producers whose publishing affiliates are among the most important members of ASCAP. The few record companies associated with the networks record no higher percentage of BMI-licensed music than record companies that have no such connections.

Mr. Hammerstein does not contend that the networks are perverting their program structure in an effort to discriminate against any licensing organization. Indeed, the networks use a smaller percentage of BMI-licensed music than the thousands of independent stations which are not BMI stockholders and are not affiliated with networks. The General Attorney for ASCAP testified at the Celler hearing that "song hits are made today very largely by the disc jockeys who spin those records all over the United States at the individual stations, rather than at the networks . . . The impetus has gone away from the networks today and over to the local stations." The number of programming employes and performers serving those stations total at least 12,000 people. Every broadcasting station and every disc jockey on every broad-

(*Continued on page* 33)

"Good heavens! Do you realize what we've done by stealing from the rich and giving to the poor? We've created a middle class!"

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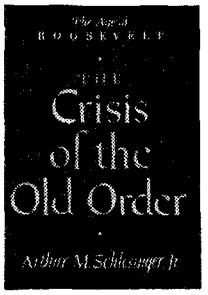

SR's *Book of the Week:*

"THE CRISIS OF THE OLD ORDER"

Author: Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.

By C. VANN WOODWARD, *professor of history, Johns Hopkins University, author of "The Strange Career of Jim Crow" and other works.*

"THIS is, I suppose, a bad time to be writing about Franklin Roosevelt," says Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., in an apologetic foreword to his "The Crisis of the Old Order" (Houghton, Mifflin, $6).

Nonsense! As a matter of fact the Harvard history department, of which Mr. Schlesinger is a member, has for several years devoted a large part of its man-hours to the production of books on FDR and the military and political aspects of his period. Such industry could only have been based on the theory that this is a most excellent time to be writing about Franklin Roosevelt.

Weighing advantages against disadvantages, and using the book under review as a test case, one can find much to justify the theory. The obvious disadvantage is, of course, want of perspective. The compensating advantage is the opportunity for the exploitation of living memory. Assuming all the considerable risks involved in the foreshortened perspective, and by no means avoiding all the pitfalls, Mr. Schlesinger has made brilliant use of the compensatory advantages. The result of his daring gamble is a permanent enrichment of our historical literature.

Actually, most of the present volume is not about Roosevelt at all, but about the early years of a rather specially defined "Age of Roosevelt"—which turns out to be even longer than the "age" it seemed to the Roosevelt-haters. According to the author it embraced "half a century of American life." In this long volume he only gets down to the first inauguration in 1933. He goes back to the Populists for a bow to the founding fathers, then in turn pays his respects to contributions by the muckrakers, reformers, and progressives at the start of the century, as well as the accomplishments of the Republican Roosevelt and of Woodrow Wilson. Only with the end of the First World War, however, does he dig in for more than an impressionistic survey, and only with the crash of 1929 does he become systematic and detailed.

The special quality that gives Mr. Schlesinger's history the fillip of an intellectual cocktail is his use of analogy, a rather sinful indulgence in the eyes of orthodox historians. It was his bold assertion of the freedom to analogize that distinguished his "Age of Jackson," in which there was an implied analogy between the 1830s and the 1930s. His analogies are not obvious and explicit, but subtle and implicit. The present work on Roosevelt is not so heavily seasoned with analogy as was the earlier one on Jackson, but there is enough to lend it a distinctive flavor. When he writes about the disillusionment over a lost peace that followed the First World War, about the effect of war upon reformers and their ideals, about the spread of anti-intellectualism, the excesses of the Red scare and the witch hunters, and the alienation of the intellectuals, he does not need to spell out the implications for the analogous phenomena of a later postwar era. "The old Wilsonians watched the New Era in indignation and contempt," he observes. And the alert reader can see the lips of the old New Dealers curl with scorn over subsequent goings on.

Another special quality of this gifted historian is his talent for perceiving and capturing the intricate interplay between ideas and action, between abstract theory and concrete event, between thought and politics. We are shown how the imagination of a generation was fired by idealism, then chilled by disillusionment, anesthetized by cynicism, and finally all but alienated from the native heritage of freedom and drawn toward an alien creed. The account of the defection of artists, writers, and intellectuals in the early Thirties is especially perceptive. Shrewd also is the author's identification of certain influences in this process, particularly that of Lincoln Steffens's "Autobiography," John Chamberlain's "Farewell to Reform," and John Strachey's "The Coming Struggle for Power."

For a historian whose primary in-

THE AUTHOR: When we asked in what way "The Age of Roosevelt" is different from the studies that have exhaustively covered the same age and the same figure, Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.'s first cryptic reply was, "It's longer." He went on to explain, "Not too many have used the Hyde Park resources and others like Frank Friedel have concentrated on the biographical portrait of FDR. My aim is to try for a combination of political and intellectual history where ideas and action intersect." This project has occupied Schlesinger for the past ten years, and he calculates hopefully that the other three volumes will be out within the next five years. The second volume, now almost complete, deals with FDR's first term; the third will probably lead up to Pearl Harbor; and the final volume is to cope with the war years. Where does the Age of Roosevelt end? "That's largely a matter of definition," said Schlesinger, "depending on whether you consider it to be the point when ideas become accepted and taken over as in Eisenhower's 1952 platform; or if you talk about it in terms of intellectual influence, then it still will be going on long after I finish my history." Schlesinger intends to end with Roosevelt's death.

Though active in politics, as a writer in Adlai Stevenson's entourage during both campaigns and as a member of the Americans for Democratic Action which he helped launch in 1947 as a liberal's answer to Communism, he attempts to approach politics as a historian. Some critics characterized his Pulitzer Prize winner "The Age of Jackson" (1947) as an apologia for the New Deal, but Schlesinger quite spiritedly protests that an apologist is a person who "suppresses something in order to come up with a more favorable conclusion." Schlesinger—no apologist—has been a writer for the Office of Strategic Services; a free-lancer for *Life*, *Fortune*, and the *Saturday Evening Post;* a government consultant; and now is a professor of history at Harvard. For his philosophy of history he is guided by Schlesinger *père*, like himself a Harvard history professor, who views history as not "merely past politics," but something "as inclusive as life itself."

—SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

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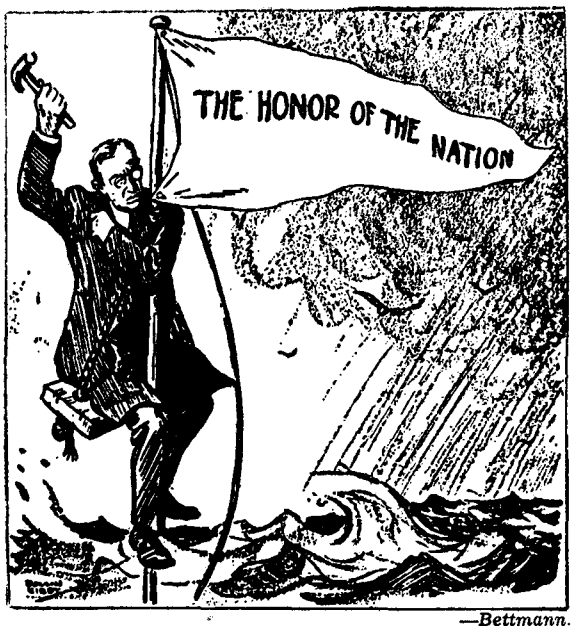
terest is analytical and interpretative. Mr. Schlesinger shows no little ingenuity in evoking the mood and drama of time and place. A period that ranges between such extremes of hope and despair, luxury and bankruptcy, optimism and pessimism as the period between 1919 and 1933 offers plenty of scope for such ingenuity. The author is convincing in his portrayal of the gross complacency and Philistinism of the Harding and Coolidge era. But he is downright moving in his picture of the depths of depression: of Pennsylvania miners "freezing in rickety one-room houses, subsisting on wild weed-roots and dandelions, struggling for life in black and blasted valleys"; or of Kentuckians who "ate violet tops, wild onions, and the weeds which cows would eat (one wrote, 'as cows won't eat a poison weeds'), while wan children attended school without coats, shoes, or underclothes"; or of the thousands of "wild boys" who wandered the country. "I don't want to steal," a Pennsylvania man wrote Governor Pinchot, "but I won't let my wife and boy cry for something to eat. . . . How long is this going to keep up? I can't stand it any longer. . . . O, if God would only open a way."

The only questionable allocation of space in the book would seem to be the hundred pages devoted to a brief biography of Franklin Roosevelt down to 1933. This is skilfully enough done but interrupts the narrative unduly without contributing anything very new about the subject. A real contribution does appear, however, in a penetrating analysis of the FDR behind the public mask of grin and gusto and exuberant optimism. Even intimate friends rarely glimpsed the enigmatic and complex hidden man, an inscrutable combination of craftiness, hardness, and private sadness, "a man without illusions." A thesis is advanced about this man and his times. It is that the traditions of liberal reform were continuous from Populism to the New Deal, and that the antithetical elements of that tradition—agrarian and urban, Bryan and T.R., trust-busting and government regulation, New Freedom and New Nationalism—all found expression and apparent reconciliation in Franklin Roosevelt. It is too early to criticize the thesis, for it remains to be established in later volumes.

This is a long running start for a big jump: from 1933 to 1945. The publisher predicts it will be accomplished in three more volumes. It looks like more than that to me. At any rate, this book clearly launches one of the important historical enterprises of our time.



—Bettmann.

"Nailing It to the Masthead," by Rollin Kirby.

Remaker of the Presidency

"Wilson: The New Freedom," by Arthur S. Link *(Princeton University Press. 504 pp. $7.50), the second volume in a monumental biography of the twenty-eighth President, covers his first years in the White House. Our reviewer is John D. Hicks, Morrison professor of history in the University of California at Berkeley.*

By John D. Hicks

IN THESE days when intellectual history, so-called, seems to be carrying everything before it, the old-fashioned practitioner can welcome with unfeigned delight a book of meticulous scholarship such as Professor Arthur S. Link's "Wilson: The New Freedom." Unabashed by the mountains of source material available to every writer on a subject of recent history, he has sifted and evaluated his evidence with prodigious industry and with consummate skill. True to the old maxims, he has anchored to a footnote every important statement of fact, as well as every inference borrowed from another; and the footnotes on examination turn out to refer in nearly every instance to an original source. In cases of doubt or difference of opinion, not one alone, but many sources are cited, analyzed, and resolved in conformity with the best historical method. Facts, as Carl Becker once observed, are "wonderfully elusive," but this does not absolve the historian from trying the best he can to get them straight. Mr. Link has made this task his first concern. There is, of course, no such thing as writing definitive history, but the conscientious historian should act as if there were. And this the author has done.

Mr. Link demonstrates that history, even when written in accordance with the old rules, can make exciting reading. Possibly some of Wilson's devotion to style has rubbed off on him; since he must of necessity quote many of the twenty-eighth President's most brilliant passages, he is properly at pains to provide for these jewels an appropriate setting.

How does Wilson emerge from this ordeal by scholarship? Both better and worse than one might have expected. The closer the examination the clearer it becomes that it was Woodrow Wilson (rather than T.R. or FDR) who first fully sensed the possibilities of the Presidency, and made it over into the institution that Americans expect it to be today. As President Wilson asserted firm leadership over the party that had elected him, translated most of the promised "New Freedom" into appropriate legislation, directed personally the foreign policy of the United States. Well versed in the tough in-fighting of a university campus, he was a skilful, if none-too-scrupulous politician; indeed, one observer argued that the President never permitted his principles to stand in the way of his ideals.

While the Wilson portrait that de-

(*Continued on page* 34)

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Exodus to Freedom

"The Bridge at Andau," by James A. Michener *(Random House. 288 pp. $3.50), tells the story of the recent Hungarian revolution through eyewitness accounts. Our reviewer is Emil Lengyel, author of "Americans from Hungary" and "The Danube."*

By Emil Lengyel

"THERE was a bridge at Andau, and if a Hungarian could reach that bridge he was free." At that bridge James A. Michener watched Hungarian refugees scrambling to freedom in Austria. He tells their story as seen by some of the fighters. One of those whom he interviewed was Laszlo Rigo, a former sergeant in the Hungarian army, who looked like a tough kid trying to be Marlon Brando but who spoiled the effect by periodically breaking into laughter. Because of his deep tan his comrades nicknamed him Csoki, slang for "Little Chocolate Drop."

As soon as the revolution started, Csoki deserted the Communists and played a role in the defense of Budapest's vast Kilian Barracks, first against the AVO, the political police, and then against the Russians. "We killed many of [the AVO] with grenades," related Csoki. "Some were captured, and if anybody recognized them as particularly bad, we beat them up. Most of them escaped."

There were the "dedicated" Communist intellectuals with promises of high position, like Istvan Balogh and Peter Szigeti, who renounced their creed when the revolution opened their eyes. And there was Gyorgy Szabo, the "man from Csepel" (the industrial suburb of the capital), who awoke from a nightmare dream.

Some of the interviews represent the composite experience of several fighters. For instance, "Josef Toth" is an amalgam of three eighteen-year-old boys who could not speak in their own names because of the kin they left behind. They gave themselves the name of a dead comrade.

Three phases of the Hungarian uprising are thus described in this book. The first one began on October 23, and terminated with the revolutionaries' apparent victory. The second was a lull, when Hungary lived in expectation of the new freedom. The brutal Russian tank attack on November 4 introduced the third, but presumably not the last phase.

The downgrading of Stalin and Poland's Poznan riots were the detonating forces in Budapest, according to Mr. Michener. The Hungarian nation's demands against their regime were formulated by the Petofi Society of Communist authors. Then the university students and the industrial workers entered the scene. Apparently the bloodshed began when the demonstrators attempted to storm the Communist-held Budapest radio station.

The more than 100 refugees interviewed by Mr. Michener belonged principally to what he calls the second wave of the exodus, a group of some 25,000 people. Mostly young, they were engineers and top technicians, leading artists, writers, and other members of the elite. Many of them had participated in the fight for freedom.

The first wave was the smallest, around 3,000 people, a large number of whom were adventurers and cowards. Some were prostitutes. They used the upheaval to escape through the hole which had been punched into the Iron Curtain. The biggest wave was the third, comprising about 170,000 people. Hundreds of them had wanted to leave Hungary years before —and this was their chance. Mr. Michener follows the Austrian estimate of 200,000 refugees. Of these about one per cent had been active in the battle. Yet, he believes that most of the others, too, were "honest seekers after freedom who supported the actual fighters spiritually, and they merit the attention and sanctuary the world has given them."

Mr. Michener makes no mention of the fourth wave; perhaps it was no more than a ripple. He does not mention the fact that among the bona fide fighters for freedom there were not only Communists but also former members of the Hungarian Arrow Cross Party, in comparison with whom even the German Nazis were friends of the Jews. The head of this party's Department for the Extermination of the Jews broke out of prison during Budapest's chaotic days. He is now in the United States.

On the whole, Mr. Michener concentrates on the bloodier aspect of the uprising, moving swiftly on the surface of events, paying little attention to the deeper forces at work. He believes that if the revolution had succeeded it would have veered to left socialism—not to capitalism.

—*Stephen Baldanza.*

J. A. Michener—"turning point in history?"

"The Hungarian revolution of 1956," Mr. Michener writes, "was a turning point in world history." It unmasked the Russians as brutal butchers; and, in his view, it is bound to have its repercussions not only in the satellite countries but also among Asia's uncommitted nations. Unfortunately, this prophecy has not been borne out by subsequent events.

It is to be hoped that omissions and errors will be rectified in later, less hurried editions of this book. There is no attempt to give the background of the November 4 onslaught, about which much has been written of late. Mr. Michener's chronology does not always jibe with that provided by the press. In Hungarian the Christian and surnames cannot be given in either order, as Michener believes. Family name always comes first, as, for instance, Nagy Imre, never Imre Nagy. His translation of the "Einser Canal" at Andau is incorrect. Einser is a proper name and does not mean "first." These are a few examples.

At least one reader could not help wondering what Arthur Koestler could have done with this subject, in the light of his own Hungarian and Communist background and with the aid of his penetratingly analytical insights.

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Dialogue on a Dark Theme

Ivy Compton-Burnett—"mental vivacity."

"Brothers and Sisters," by Ivy Compton-Burnett *(Zero Press. 273 pp. $3.75), the second novel of the well-known British novelist, first published in 1929 and now newly reissued, is a Sophoclean tragedy about a tightly-knit family in a small community.*

By Milton Crane

THE novels of Ivy Compton-Burnett have won much praise for their brilliant wit and polish, and for their highly original—not to say unique—conception and execution. They are comedies of words and ideas, presented in a series of dialogues that have been compared to the finest flights of Elizabethan and Restoration comedy, to Jane Austen (somewhat more precisely), and to Proust. The matter of these novels, all of which are laid in a dim late Victorian England, suggests Trollope; the subtlety with which delicate and complex moral problems are examined recalls Henry James, though in most other respects these books have nothing of James about them.

Miss Compton-Burnett, like the greatest of comic artists, gives the impression of concerning herself with the surface of life and of dealing in words, not actions. Everything can be, and generally is, resolved in discussion. At the same time, however, violent and potentially tragic action is constantly threatening to erupt and engulf the garrulous world in which a butler can talk like Benedick or Mirabell. Such violence is, of course, generally kept in strict control by the laws of comedy, and, moreover, is forced into the background by Miss Compton-Burnett's stylized dialogue.

All this prologue—or the posy of a ring—is by way of saying that in her second novel "Brothers and Sisters" (first published in 1929 and recently republished) Miss Compton-Burnett did not essay comedy but embraced the darkest of Sophocles's themes. Christian Stace tells his beloved foster father Andrew Stace that he means to marry Sophia, his foster sister. Andrew forbids the marriage, writes a letter which the lovers conceal (thinking it a new will), and then dies of shock. A quarter of a century later, Christian is himself killed by the realization that Sophia is not his foster sister but his half-sister. The remainder of the novel deals with the gradual revelation of the incestuous marriage to Sophia ("Sophia lived and died, without ever finding out that her name meant wis-

A Visit With Ivy Compton-Burnett

THE prospect of talking with Ivy Compton-Burnett can be rather frightening; because, although considered by many to be one of the few great living British writers, her novels exhibit a scary ability to see through the superficialities of men—no matter how practised the mask. While severely percipient in her writing, she is not, however, unkind; and she has a judicious tolerance about the frailties she observes. Ushered into her London drawing room, one realizes at once that she would not, like her characters, discomfort a guest—whatever she noted.

Miss Compton-Burnett, despite her sixty-five years, does not appear old. She is of middle height, slender, her posture erect, her facial muscles firm. If years of concentration have wrinkled her skin, her eyes are luminous with an almost restless intelligence. They reflect the mental vivacity (enclosed in calm) that distinguishes her work, a characteristic that first won her critical acclaim and a discriminating audience when she published her second novel "Brothers and Sisters" in 1929.

Her talk makes clear that she is not, as some have implied, a Jane Austen turned cynical by the twentieth century. She moves agilely from subject to subject, and exhibits no rancor. Although her novels are all set in the world before 1910 (art is where one has one's childhood?), she is interested in her contemporaries, whether or not their attitudes be her own. Among those whom she admires are Rose Macaulay, who is religious whereas Miss Compton-Burnett is agnostic; Pamela Hansford Johnson (her recent "The Last Resort" is "her good best novel"); Joyce Cary ("very fine and at an opposite pole from me"); P. H. Newby, and many more. Her generosity about other writers mirrors the unsentimental warmth she shows for the numerous characters—good-and-bad rather than good or bad—in her novels.

If the human situation since Miss Compton-Burnett's childhood has worsened, her candid exposure of the gap between what men believe themselves to be and what they are has mellowed since she has grown older. This is particularly evident in her two most recent novels: "The Present and the Past" and "Mother and Son." It may appear in the novel which BBC will present (before publication) in the near future. Because Miss Compton-Burnett's art depends so much on pungent dialogue that expresses what we think and feel but do not voice, it should make an ideal radio production—one that an enterprising American broadcaster might well offer in the States. It would help make her better appreciated where—as she a bit sadly says—for all of her fifteen

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dom," says her daughter Dinah in summing up the tragedy), to her children, and to the tight little society of Moreton Edge.

How successfully Miss Compton-Burnett handles this extraordinary material remains an open question. The tragic action to some extent must be said to fail of its effect because, although Andrew, Christian, and Sophia take their guilty secret seriously enough to die of it, Christian's and Sophia's children on the whole feel themselves to be innocent victims, and their innumerable cousins—except for those who were formerly engaged to the young Andrew and Dinah Stace—regard the incest chiefly as an uncommonly exciting subject of gossip. The real center of interest in "Brothers and Sisters" is the shrewish matriarch Sophia, who in scene after scene is shown exercising an almost demonic domination over the unfortunate family. The author builds her up line by line until one sighs with relief at her death, though she takes the book with her.

The wit and humor of Miss Compton-Burnett's later work become, in "Brothers and Sisters," the grimmest of irony, satire, and invective. Thus it happens that, for all her virtuosity, she is unable to prevent her tragedy from turning into an ultimately distressing, though unfailingly interesting, exercise in savage comedy.

novels, not very many read her besides the critics and reviewers.

It is difficult to understand why she is less than a best-seller. Perhaps it is because the style of her writing is so concentrated that those who read as they run (as most do) hurry by the home-truths that her characters reveal. Or could it be because, through the pitiable hypocrisies of her characters, she bares what we are—not what we like to think ourselves? Something of both, the author believes. The art she perfected during a long silence (her second novel did not appear until fourteen years after her first) is hers, modifiable but intrinsic. So is the amiable pessimism of her world-view, her preference for the quite young and quite old, her sorrow—sometimes acidly expressed—for the middle-yeared who do not even know they prepare faces for the faces they meet.

To read her should help modern man to know himself. To know Miss Compton-Burnett even minimally makes one wonder more about his limitations than hers.

—Harvey Curtis Webster.

Tragicomic Dance

"The Distant Music," by H. L. Davis *(Morrow. 311 pp. $3.95), is the story of three generations of a family in the American Northwest.*

By Carl Carmer

THE ways of people, grotesque and illogical, and the rhythms of nature enchant H. L. Davis, and he well knows how to communicate their magic. Though "The Distant Music" is a novel purporting to tell the history of three generations of a family, the author regards the end of one order and the beginning of another as not even deserving a new chapter-head. He leaves no corpse-strewn stage—only one heart has stopped—and the sequence of the dead and the quick is casual. What matters to him is the homely tragicomic dance of humans in Nature's beautiful madhouse.

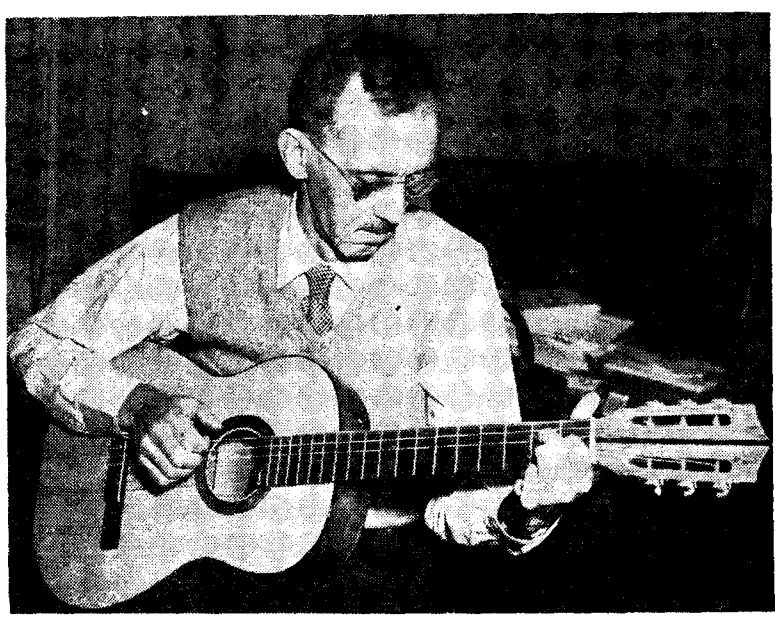
The first Ranse Mulock claimed his acres at Clarke's Landing on the Columbia River. He could get more land if he had a wife, and his neighbors thought it was this fact that moved him to buy and marry Medora, a white girl found and brought up by an Indian tribe. Years later, after he built her a big house and she bore him two sons, he murdered the Indian whose unborn child miscarried just after she became Mrs. Mulock. Ranse spared the sheriff some trouble by dying of natural causes.

Claib Mulock, Medora's elder son, "for whom trouble had the same involuntary attraction that a hole in the fence has for a hog," was killed trying to steal his baby from one of the two or three girls he married. He had a hold on the baby all right when his horse stumbled and pitched him into a rockpile. The baby lived.

Claib's younger brother, the second Ranse Mulock, married seventeen-year-old Stella and had a son by her. She cheated on him and ran off with Isom Inman, whose three sisters remained Ranse's friends and went to live with him. When Ranse was sixty he got to feeling old and took out on a long walk. Lydia Inman, the dependable one, found him, and he almost died because he wanted to, but, as Tencey Inman said, "People want a lot of things they can't have."

By that time everybody knew the second Ranse as Old Ranse because his son (third to bear the name) had grown and was feathering up to Nina, Cynthia Inman's daughter.

ON THIS structure Mr. Davis has built a novel studded with minor characters, charged with incident. Though the persons who appear as transients on these pages, moving in and then permanently out, are surprisingly numerous, the style is so familiar, the point of view so casual and gossipy that the author is able to present them in telling vignettes and not once give the impression that he has halted or even interrupted the artistic flow of his narrative. Here are Stowell Whitten, "who had stood trial once for dumping a load of gravel on an unmannerly foreman and hadn't amounted to anything since," and one of the McCrackens of Tin Pot, who "hung himself in the barn and the way they knew it was that they found



H. L. Davis—"a convincing and colorful novel."

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his Sunday shirt was gone from his bureau drawer," and Mrs. Frambush, who "never skimped on the curlicues" so that a conversation between her and her husband "came out something like a formal religious service, with him giving out the text and her delivering the sermon on it."

The passages describing the natural beauty of our Northwest are so sensitively observed, so lyrically expressed that, as Mr. Davis intended, the reader is alternately transported by the landscape's "distant music" and hypnotized by the antic posturing of men.

H. L. Davis, whose "Honey in the Horn" has become a classic, has again written a convincing and colorful novel laden with the overtones of universal truth. The adjective "regional" may not be applied to it literally nor in a deprecating sense. He is well aware that the twin impressions he has tried to create exist perversely in all art and that one of them may not be fully understood and appreciated without the other.

Colette by sculptor Fenoza—" . . . Grande Dame of them all."

Schoolgirl Memories

***"Claudine at School," by Colette** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 286 pp. $3.50), is a new translation by Antonia White, of one of the French novelist's most typical books, vintage 1900.*

By Jean Campbell Jones

WHAT mystery stories are for some people, Colette is for others. And even admirers of the current Bonjours to Tristesse will concede that Colette was the Grande Dame of them all.

"Claudine at School" is the first of the famous Claudine series, a *succès fou* in their day, inspiring perfumes, a round schoolgirl type of collar, a brand of cigarettes, and even a kind of ice cream.

Perhaps they have been too long considered as separate from Colette's later work. Certainly "Claudine at School" is much better than one would expect, considering the peculiar circumstances of the authorship. Colette has written: "Some two years after our marriage, therefore about 1895, Monsieur Willy said to me one day: 'You ought to jot down on paper some memories of the Primary School, I might be able to make something out of them. . . . Don't be afraid of racy details'."

Throughout the book, one can see, or imagine that one sees, Willy's suggestions for "spicing it up," particularly in the overly fond relationship of the two female teachers. But the unique sensuous, rhythmic style is already beginning. One can read right over and through any of M. Willy's pastiches—and this is still Colette.

And Claudine is a pure Colette heroine, proud, audacious, frequently outrageous and, of course, quite beautiful. She works at her lessons with diligence, indeed excels at most. But since, as any fool of sixteen should know, "in the examination Syllabus things don't happen as they do in life," she gives her main attention to studying the goings-on in the provincial world around her.

What with running up the backstairs to spy on the indiscretions of her instructresses, or poking smoldering love letters out of the fire, she manages to impale just about everyone. "Lord," she sighs, "how idiotic women are! Little girls, women, it's all one."

EDWARDIAN MARRIAGE: The second of William Cooper's novels to be published in America **"Disquiet and Peace"** (Lippincott, $3.50) is a glancing, urbane study of a career man in British politics in the distant-seeming period of 1908-1910. Its special accomplishment is the creation of that tranquil time and of the quite timeless dilemmas that perplex a man of sense and sensibility.

Arnold Brown was a young man of whom people expected something remarkable, and he expected it of himself. His prospects were brightened by his marriage to a girl of arresting charm, impulsiveness, and candor. But Muriel's capacity for tension and remission, for waywardness and constancy, kept him sorely tried; his perplexity Mr. Cooper views with an amused and not unsympathetic detachment. The novel thus becomes a duel between the sexes. Love and pride enter in from both sides, and sometimes pride is the stronger. The high comedy of this anatomy of marriage persists to the happy ending, where Arnold, satisfied that his marriage is safe, finds an added comfort in self-justification.

Behind the story of domestic dilemmas is the comedy of politics—which his impious wife helps Arnold to view with a saving detachment. And whether the arena is love or politics the encompassing world is steadily that of Edwardian elegance and ease—of parties in the town house and the country house, evenings at the restaurant and the theatre, trips to Scotland, Ireland, Monte Carlo, Venice, Egypt, a small world of interrelated people with a total unawareness of any class but their own.

In both love and politics there is a combination of disquiet and peace. Arnold Brown, from whom something remarkable may yet be expected, is led to understand what he was told at the outset: "We all have to make our compromises." So a timeless realization comes to a man in a world whose time was running out.

—WALTER HAVIGHURST.

DULY NOTED: "Trial by Fire," by Charles Elliott (Putnam, $3.75), takes us to a primitive Arab Sheikhdom to unfold a triangle plot involving a sensitive British government man, his degradation-seeking wife, and a smugly imperative oil company manager. There are a plethora of gritty moments in this first novel by a British writer but the picture it presents of oil operations in an Arab setting is engrossing.

"The Enemy Below," by D. A. Rayner (Holt, $3), describes a wartime duel-to-the-death on the Atlantic between a British destroyer and a German submarine. Commander Rayner's first-hand experience provides authenticity and in the main he acquits himself well as a novelist who does not dally when it comes to building up suspense. —S. P. MANSTEN.

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COMMUNICATION

The Language of Nods

By STUART CHASE, *author of "The Tyranny of Words," "Power of Words," and other books.*

ANYONE who owns a cat, a dog, or a baby is well aware that certain meanings can be clearly expressed without the use of words. The cat sits up politely for a morsel of turkey, the dog scratches on the door to be admitted, the baby lets nobody doubt that he is deeply distressed.

Anyone who ever saw Charlie Chaplin in the old silent movies remembers how he could tell a tragi-comic story so that all the world, whatever its language, followed it with a kind of aching delight. (Super patriots today forbid that delight, reasoning by the logical fallacy of *ad hominem*.) Many of us recall the popular book which showed only photographs of a Frenchman's face, but told us plainly enough what he thought of love and crêpes suzette, and other less rewarding matters. All of us recognize the hitchhiker's sign, and most of us wisely respect the message encoded by a red traffic light.

Studies in communication continue to multiply, and they include such disciplines as linguistics, semantics—defined as "the systematic study of meaning"; cybernetics, the father of automation; the profound mathematical theories of Claude Shannon of the Bell Laboratories; the perception theory of Ames and Cantril. Only recently, however, has serious work been done on nonverbal communication, although some observers believe it accounts for half or more of all messages between humans, and 100 per cent of all messages from animal to animal, and from animal to man. (Parrots technically do not know what they are talking about.)

Before me is a large and handsome volume, **"Nonverbal Communication"** (University of California Press, $7.50), by Jurgen Ruesch, psychiatrist, and Weldon Kees, poet and film producer, which explores this new field. The book is illustrated with more than 300 candid photographs of people in action, of signs, shop windows, artifacts—all carrying wordless messages.

An earlier treatment, which I described in my "Power of Words" three years ago, is the new science of "kinesics," developed by a student appropriately named R. L. Birdwhistell, and by George Trager and Henry Lee Smith, Jr., at the Foreign Service Institute. They devised a complicated series of arbitrary symbols to codify the gestures a person makes in emphasizing communication. A man says, "No," and shakes his head, or he may rely on the gesture alone. He says, "How do you do," and extends his hand, or just extends his hand.

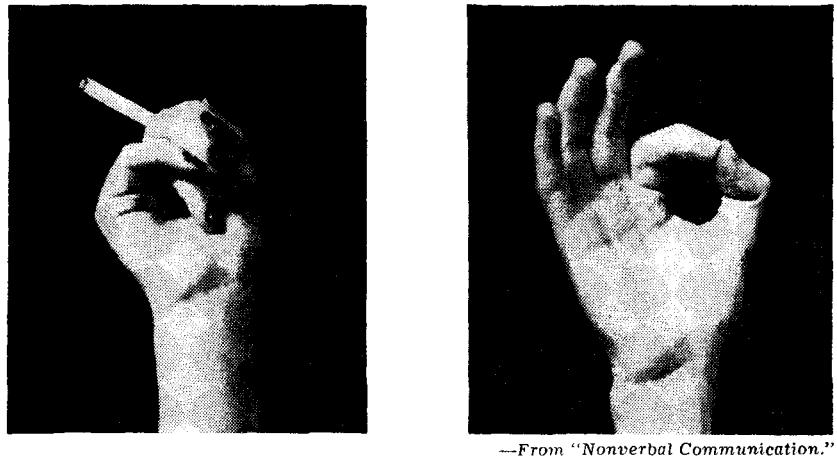
The researcher in kinesics, after learning its alphabet of shakes, shrugs, and other movements, can record quite accurately in a notebook a variety of action scenes. He can show a mother and her unruly child in a bus, a hostess welcoming guests who are an hour late for dinner, a teacher being stumped by her class. Curiously enough, Ruesch and Kees do not refer to kinesics in their wide-ranging study, though a monograph was available in 1952. This seems to me a little like writing a serious book on the blues without mentioning Gershwin.

ANOTHER interesting project in non-verbalism is UNESCO's proposed highway symbol system for motorists of all languages. Thus one symbol would mean "cross roads," another "road to right" anywhere in the world. When people speaking different languages are thrown together a sign language is always worked out, as in the case of white settlers in America and native Indians.

The word "communication" is a verbal tent covering a large and active menagerie. Ruesch and Kees build on an extremely broad definition, which includes "all human behavior" and a good many inanimate objects—say, a loaf of bread or a bottle of wine. There is, however, an important distinction between signs coming in from nature, to be properly interpreted, and conscious messages sent from one mind to another. For instance, smoke pouring from the window of my house tells me to become very active, but it is not a message from another mind. If an Indian, however, sees a smoke signal on a mountain top, another mind is speaking to him.

This narrower definition of communication (namely, a message specifically addressed to some individual or group) is much less difficult to deal with. A further significant distinction is that intentional messages are always in an acquired code; they are in the culture, not the germ plasm. Language is always learned, and Birdwhistell holds, pending evidence to the contrary, that gestures and the other data of kinesics must be learned. We Westerners are not born with the impulse to nod for "yes"; we copy our elders. For all I know, the anthropologists may have discovered a tribe whose members nod for "no" and shake their heads for "yes." There is no particular reason why not.

One can speak his message, write it, or give it to a machine, such as an alarm clock or a tape recorder, which can delay or amplify or otherwise manipulate it. One can address



—From "Nonverbal Communication."

"Differences in Smoking" and "Just Right"—"the impulse . . . to kinesics."

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the message to oneself, to another person, to a selected group, or to the whole world, as in a planetary hookup. The mass media put messages on the asembly line.

In certain cases one addresses a message to a horse, a dog, or other intelligent animal. In a final case, animals send conscious messages to one another. A crow vocalizes—not verbalizes—"Look out!" with sharp caws, and a tomcat vocalizes even more sharply, "I'm just crazy about you!" According to von Frisch, a honey bee will perform a dance to tell the hive where nectar may be found, with exact directions up to a mile.

Animal communication is always nonverbal (if that parrot is trying to get in again, throw him out!), and humans have a wonderful variety to choose from. Before the machine age they included fire beacons (which, according to Homer, announced the fall of Troy); drums (which terrified the Emperor Jones); mirror flashes from peak to peak, tree blazes, wigwagging; the flags at Captain Hornblower's masthead; whistles, horns, pipes, rattles; head-dresses, uniforms, and insignia of all kinds to identify position in the culture.

Science has added such useful items as whistling buoys, block signals for railroads, traffic lights, and ethyl mercaptan, which, injected into the ventilating system of a mine, warns miners to leave in a hurry. Once, in the harbor of Dominica, I watched an elaborate system of power winches unloading cargo from a freighter. They were directed by a native longshoreman, in ragged shorts and nothing else, who whacked his signals with a piece of board against an iron rail.

Man did not become truly human until he developed spoken language, but one might guess that for millennia kinesics was the preferred mode of communication. Painting, drawing, stone working, wordless music, ceremonial dancing could also be used to convey meanings.

Thumbing through the imposing book before me, I find photographs of many timeless nonverbal messages. Here is the face of a small boy contorted with grief because his mother is leaving ("Don't go!"). Here is Charlie Chaplin being introduced to a lion inside the cage, and explaining in pantomime, "I'm really not edible!" Here are photographs of a human ear cupped for "louder please," a clap on the shoulder ("I'm with you, chum!"), and a little girl waving goodbye. These remind me of another handsome book, Edward Steichen's "The Family of Man," which shows in photographs the vital situations that people of all cultures share and understand—the basic material for intercultural communication.

A whole book might be devoted also to the insignia by which one announces his trade, profession, or rank: a whirling candy stripe for a barber, a cigar-store Indian, a flying red horse, the gilded key of a locksmith, the silver chain of a sommelier, the wig of a barrister, the crown of a king.

Another book could be written on gesture differences between cultures. Ruesch and Kees observe that some peoples use their hands more, some use their shoulders or heads. Birdwhistell notes that pinching one's ear among Portuguese males means a pretty girl is going by, while in America the wolf whistle is favored.

The scientific analysis of nonverbal communication has just begun, but already it deserves respectful attention. The next step may be to develop sound theories to show how gestures and expressions, under certain circumstances, may give truer meanings than words spoken, and how verbal messages may be clarified or emphasized by nonverbal. In the current state of human understanding, any knowledge that makes it freer or clearer is to be welcomed.

Pick of the Paperbacks

THE ANTARCTIC CHALLENGED. *By Admiral Lord Mountevans. Evergreen.* $1.45. The second-in-command to Robert F. Scott in the expedition to the South Pole almost fifty years ago dramatically tells how they raced across the icy wasteland only to discover that Amundsen had gotten there first.

FORM AND VALUE IN MODERN POETRY. *By R. P. Blackmur. Anchor.* $1.25. Seventeen representative essays from "Language as Gesture" that examine the work of, among others, Pound, Eliot, Stevens, and Cummings, with emphasis upon linguistic technique.

THE FUTURE OF AN ILLUSION. *By Sigmund Freud. Anchor.* 95¢. A late work by Freud that explores religious ideas, their reality and function, against the background of psychology.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS. *By Jonathan Swift. Pocket.* 35¢. The adventures of Captain Lemuel Gulliver among the Lilliputians, Brobdingnagians, and Yahoos lightly disguise a still trenchant satire of governments and rulers.

THE IDES OF MARCH. *By Thornton Wilder. Universal.* 95¢. The three-time Pulitzer Prize winner recreates, through a series of imaginary and imaginative letters, journals, and secret police reports, the greatness and tragedy of Caesar in the last days of the Roman republic.

THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION. *By Arnold Toynbee. Beacon.* $1.25. A historical study of the forces which created the Industrial Revolution. Compiled from lectures given at Oxford in 1880-1881. With a foreword by the author's nephew, Arnold J. Toynbee.

PARABLES FOR THE THEATRE. *By Bertolt Brecht. Translated by Eric Bentley and Maja Apelman. Evergreen.* $1.45. Two plays, "The Good Woman of Setzuan" and "The Caucasian Chalk Circle," showing that life while often grim has its earthy comic side, by the late German exponent of Epic theatre.

SHERIDAN. *Edited by Louis Kronenberger. Mermaid Dramabook.* $1.45. Six stylish and sparkling plays by the eighteenth-century master of the comedy of manners.

THE STRANGE CAREER OF JIM CROW. *By C. Vann Woodward. Oxford.* $1.50. An account of segregation, from 1877 when the Federal troops withdrew from the South to the present time, in an enlarged and updated version by the Johns Hopkins historian.

WHO'S BEHIND OUR FARM POLICY? *By Wesley McCune. Praeger.* $1.50. An examination of the men and organizations exerting influence upon American farm policy, with special attention to certain pressure groups which, says the author of "Farm Bloc," do not always work in the interests of the farmers.

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—Bettmann.

Apollo and the Muses—". . . omnibus publication of poetry."

A Disparate Triumvirate

"Poets of Today III" *(Scribners. 197 pp. $3.95), offers collections of verse by three disparate poets: "The Floating World," by Lee Anderson; "My Father's Business," by Spencer Brown, and "The Green Town," by Joseph Langland.*

By Dudley Fitts

WHATEVER the economic necessity may be—underlined in this instance by the come-on eye-price $3.95—that binds together in one volume ("Poets of Today III") and presents as a contemporary trio such disparate poets as Lee Anderson, Spencer Brown, and Joseph Langland, it actually performs a disservice for the poetry involved, because it invites comparison where comparison is irrelevant. Sheer variety saves an anthology from this danger; here, however, is no anthology, but three separate books printed as though they were one, with a genial introduction that insists, in spite of itself and of all the evidence, that they are one. Is a color better than a sound? Is who better than when? Is a flute better than an azalea? Your guess is as good as mine; but I suspect that the omnibus publication of poetry will suggest more useless questions than useful judgments. One must attempt to see this book as three distinct occasions, and decide what is valuable in each and what is not.

What is valuable in Lee Anderson is his technical virtuosity, which is great, and his satirical sharpness, which is a minor embellishment, often forced and sometimes flubbed. His composition is intricate, balanced, assured, invariably clear. The Hamlet-like suicide theme of "The Floating World," as respectably ancient a theme as any in poetry, is stated and worked out symbolically with winning art. What might have been neurotic fidgeting is controlled by a sure discipline; only occasionally is passion permitted to erupt into stridor, and it may be that these occasions are artistically calculated. The poem is self-contained, it does what it was intended to do: a Hamlet emerges —minor, to be sure, and rather too pitiable to be tragic—, and we can share his visions and revisions, and find with him release "from the hell's hail of starling questions." Poetic transference; yet one is haunted by the suspicion that Mr. Anderson's stylistic gifts exceed the value of what he has to tell us. "How good it is / simply to be alive," he exclaims in another poem, and that, unless I misread him, is his basic message: an excellent text, but one better suited to his "Five Shorter Poems" than to the two long symphonic pieces with which his book begins and ends. His power is essentially epigrammatic, and it operates best under compression.

IT IS no kindness to Spencer Brown to praise him as a Little League Robert Frost, but that seems to be what he's let himself in for—principally, I suppose, because he is unpretentious, because he treats homely subjects, and because, though literate and though a poet, he "communicates" to the plain man. Certainly there is nothing esoteric about him, except for the abiding mystery of poetry itself. He is unfashion itself, the annihilation of cult or school. He is persuasive, at his best, in the way that convinced earthy artists are so often persuasive: one yields to a force that is apparently so artless, so disinterested. Only, however, at his best—that is to say, in a handful of complete poems, and dispersedly, in single lines and phrases, elsewhere. The risks of this ingenuous manner are enormous, as Mr. Brown knows very well: deflation, rambling, awkwardness, the honest grin that hopes to atone for the painful prattfall. "This man who gestures with his mouth is harmless," he says of himself, and the judgment would be dishonest if it were not ironic; yet the harmless air, the Socratic falsely naive, is one that he is very fond of assuming, and so he can be dull, his poetry can be versification in a low key. That he surmounts these risks so often and so engagingly is an indication of his essential value, which I take to be fairly high; his second book will tell.

Joseph Langland is, I suppose, a poet's poet, although I do not know of which poets. Certainly he is an amateur of the apparatus of poetry—the technical devices, the complex forms, the elaboration of image and symbol, the Heliconian stance. The façade is impressively there, but the interior is so jejunely furnished that it seems almost as though one were not intended to enter. I can not find life in this verse; only facility, a lyric felicity with words and cadences; which is much, but which is not enough. This is the kind of expert verse, middle-high level, that expresses the contemporary reaction against the excesses of experimentalism. If it had anything more than grace to recommend it, one would not resent it so much; but it is all grace, all technic, no bones, no flesh.

"Poets of Today III": two out of three, an absurdly high average.

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—*Pach.*

John Hall Wheelock—". . . energy."

Fifty Year Harvest

***"Poems Old and New," by John Hall Wheelock** (Scribners. 203 pp. $3.50), represents a lifetime of writing by a poet now seventy-one years old.*

By Winfield Townley Scott

JOHN HALL WHEELOCK'S career as poet is a curious one. It is not exceptional for a lyric poet to be prolific in his youth—as Wheelock was—and then to run thin and dry in his forties—as Wheelock did: his "Poems, 1911-1936," published exactly twenty years ago, had the dead air of a closed cupboard, the sad air of business not so much completed as broken off. But what is really curious, and all but unique, is the revival of his talent in the past ten years; better still, the improvement of it.

Now at seventy-one, Wheelock has published in "Poems Old and New" a volume of nine sections: seven of them are selections from his earlier books (some of the poems dating back half a century), and the eighth and ninth present the new work of the last decade. There can be no question of the superiority of many of the recent pages over Wheelock's earlier performances.

This is in part by default. In the bulk of the poems there is nothing to alter the finding, made by Louis Untermeyer long ago, of "desperate sincerity lost in foggy generalities, genuine poetry floundering in a wash of rhetoric." There is something unreal and unnecessary about it: charges which, if true, are among the most fatal one can make about poetry. The moment a poem strikes one as "made up" it is a dead poem, and repeatedly one has the sensation in Wheelock's selected pages of unexpectedly walking in on a naked, unknown corpse.

Yet there are familiar features, not wholly identifiable but as though it were a composite of half-remembered features. These poems of the beauty of life, of lost love, of the sea and the seasons, of self-pity are all couched in a language so tritely and flatly literary that one gropes about trying to discover their sources of style. Where did this poetic impulse fetch these manners? Swinburne, Henley, and Whitman have been mentioned in connection with John Hall Wheelock; but one feels also a tired Tennysonian air, the decadent air of the 1890s in general and of Oscar Wilde's poems in particular, and some coincidental resemblance to the romanticism of Wheelock's contemporary, Rupert Brooke. It seems, in any case, a mélange of *fin de siècle*.

There is a make-show of energy, vitiated by insistent clichés. Silences of the grave, great mysteries, far horns, love as breaking the bread and wine—these are everywhere. There is the reliance on the "romantic" word such as oriels—"heaven's high oriels." There is the overthoughtfulness of "sweet, silver singing of thin bells," functioning for no sake but its own. There is such sentimentality as the supposition that "The waters in between / Are doubtful—half in hope, and half in fear." And such affirmation as "Splendid it is to live and glorious to die" (here the tradition is pure Theodore Roosevelt), which is as boyish as it is meaningless.

The reader familiar with Wheelock's poetry will observe a notable amount of revision. Here, as an example, are the first four lines of a sonnet as published hitherto:

> These are the hours of darkness wont to bring
> The somber revelation: heaven betrays
> Her very secret now—the starry maze,
> The forest of the worlds, where death is king.

And as revised:

> These are the hours of darkness that shall bring
> The primal revelation: heaven betrays
> Her very secret now—the starry maze,
> The splendor beyond all imagining.

The effort is to bring the language into a simpler, more natural tone; and to make, one can say, better sense. It is this effort—to abandon rhetoric, to walk without the embroidered coat—which makes the forty or more new poems in Wheelock's book so much more meaningful reading, so much more *real*. One can say "against" some of the recent poems that the pulse is low and the language meandering, but on the whole their fresher vocabulary guarantees an immediacy and poignancy never achieved in the earlier work.

Of the two sections of new poems the first is light verse. It is well turned, often with symbolic undertones of literary satire.

But what one would like to know—it would be an interesting tool for criticism—is whether John Hall Wheelock worked his revival and improvement of talent via these light verse poems? Did the cooler, more objective, better controlled serious poems arise from what he learned at arm's length in playing with verse? Did a discovery of comparative non-involvement lead him to the old man's way of speaking, as Wheelock says, "to his own heart"? I shall go out on the limb and guess that this was the case.

MISTRESS OF ALLUSION: No one—repeat no one—can handle a literary allusion in poetry with the wit, grace, and joy that Helen Bevington does in **"A Change of Sky"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50). Phrases from Pepys's Diary, Stevenson, Yeats, Cowper, words from Isaak Walton and Dylan Thomas melt into the language of her poems, as they are indeed the language of her country. She travels. She is the delightful and delighted kind of person to whom inn-signs like "The Amenities" occur, this on the London Road in Surrey; or in Connecticut "The Mystic Power Co." Van Gogh's trees she sees are the models for the trees at Arles. "One saw everything his way." Mrs. Bevington's gift is that she knows what the poets, diarists, and novelists said of the places in that wide country of hers, and sees it their way. For us everything seeing it her way has a special shine on it.

Recognition, of course, is the pleasure in allusion. One thinks of listing her authors, then her streets, painters; then must include music, newspapers, plays, animals. And though her kind of play with allusion would lead some poets to parody and quickly hence to obscurity, never Helen Bevington. She has the sure touch and the good ear that good poets have, serious or light.

—JOHN HOLMES.

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IRELAND

Maker of a Nation

"De Valera and the March of a Nation," by Mary M. Bromage *(Noonday Press. 328 pp. $4.95), is a study of one of the few surviving creators of modern Ireland. Mary M. Colum, Irish-American critic, reviews it.*

By Mary M. Colum

ENTHUSIASTIC and admiring women biographers often can damage a hero more than can an enemy because of a lack of objective approach. Eamon De Valera is a great man who has done a lot for his country and other small countries into the bargain. But he is not, as Mary M. Bromage, author of "De Valera and the March of a Nation," seemingly thinks, the sole, or even the chief creator of modern Ireland. That creation took many generations, many men, many battles, and many defeats. De Valera is one of the surviving figures who has helped to make it, and he happens to have a more romantic appeal than the others.

The man who formulated the philosophy and laid down the policy that made Ireland a modern state was the unromantic Arthur Griffith with the Sinn Fein policy, who was described by Austin Chamberlain as "small, quiet, drab," and by Churchill as having the air of a tired scholar. As a matter of fact, though not what was called a "physical force man," Arthur Griffith was an able fighting man with no personal ambitions that anyone could see, but a passionate desire to get his country out of the morass it was in. The commanding military figure in the group was Michael Collins, who risked his life every day and finally died at the hands of his countrymen. When, as a member of the Irish delegation, he met the great team of British statesmen he impressed them with his technical grasp of affairs, from financial relations to the disposition of naval and air forces.

Ireland is a very difficult country to write about and especially for an American, because few people know much about Ireland or Irish history here, and the educated Irish middle classes are hardly known here at all. Miss Bromage's lack of familiarity makes her write rather hazily, and she lays too much emphasis on unimportant aspects. It looks as if she had sat at a table by De Valera's elbow and taken down in an undiscriminating way all he could remember of his career—his squabbles with colleagues, every debate he entered into, every time he was in jail. In the Europe of those times and later the head of practically every government had been in jail. For an Irish leader to have been in jail for political opinions or actions was nothing.

When De Valera came to America in 1919 he was not a complete success. The foreignness of his name caused a lot of discussion among those who were antagonistic to him in Ireland and in Irish circles in America because it indicated he was only half Irish. They did not remember that several other leaders of the Irish revolution were only half Irish, with English fathers and Irish mothers. The two Pearse brothers, executed for their part in the insurrection, were the sons of an English father, a sculptor, and an Irish mother. Charles Burgess (Cathal Brugha), the most extravagantly patriotic of all of them, was of the same mixture. This attack on persons of an outside racial mixture is absurd: people are what they are brought up to be.

One noticable thing about the leaders of Irish movements, whether political or literary, was their extraordinary courage. No matter how sensitive they were, they had nerves of iron. When he came to America, De Valera was inexperienced, and as a personality was unsympathetic to two of the most influential of the Irish leaders he had to deal with. He butted into things that he did not understand. But the American Irish leaders likewise butted into things they did not understand. The Irish literary leader, W. B. Yeats, was here at the same time as De Valera, and he also had to stand up against a great deal of antagonism; as it was the sort he was used to, it did not worry him.

This brings one to the conclusion that America, and particularly the American Irish, can hardly be said to understand modern Ireland at all with its hardy group of highly educated intellectuals. Though Miss Bromage's book has shortcomings as history, it may be enlightening because it offers a detailed account of De Valera's career.

—Culver.

De Valera in 1916 when sentenced to death.

Shamrock's Story

"A Short History of Ireland," by Roger Chauvire *(translated by the Earl of Wicklow. Devin-Adair. 145 pp. $3), is a French scholar's interpretation of a nation whose history is thickly enveloped in legend. Frank O'Connor, Irish-born writer of short stories and historical studies on Ireland, reviews it.*

By Frank O'Connor

ONE of those small books of vulgarization at which the French excel, "A Short History of Ireland," is now available in a distinguished translation. Roger Chauvire, the author, a Frenchman who has taught in the National University of Ireland, is clearly in love with his subject, and writes of it with feeling and eloquence. It is not an easy topic for such treatment, for the history of Ireland, as he complains, "is a sad tale, as if she were the victim of an evil spell, moving through the centuries from misfortune to misfortune, unable, it would seem, to achieve equilibrium, to reach a solution." It is the story of David and Goliath in which David always gets beaten up, and the mind does not willingly linger on the spectacle of irremediable suffering. The English Protestant version of the story is more cheerful, since David is there treated as a juvenile delinquent and Goliath as a rather heavy-fisted social reformer. But that version is

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Words, Words, Words

THAT language is fluid, not static, is a commonplace; that words change their meanings, or have their meanings changed for them, is a familiar truth. But less familiar, perhaps, is the fact that the chief agent of change has always been ignorance. If anyone questions this, a moment's reflection will put an end to doubt. How does a word come to lose one meaning and acquire a new one? Not by virtue of a learned decree, but by force of mistaken usage. The popular pressure of ignorance is what has always done the job. Whenever enough persons persist in misusing a word long enough, the dictionary-makers end by bowing to the army of error. They have, they do, and there is every reason to believe that they will.

What else could they do? may be asked. The answer, probably, is—Nothing. But of late they have been yielding to error with unbecoming speed; it would almost seem that they are hurrying to embrace it, and their easy compliances are encouraging writers to deprive our language of some of its efficacy.

When a careless journalist uses *infer* in the place of *imply*; when he writes of a *cohort* when he really means a *henchman* or a *coworker*; when he employs *anachronism* as if it were an exact synonym of *anomaly* or *paradox*; when he makes it clear that for him a *prototype* is a copy as well as a model, we may content ourselves with a wry smile at his misdemeanors. No great harm has been done. Writing on this level may be permitted to go its own untutored way, beneath the reach of correction.

It is not of careless journalists that I am thinking, but of writers of good repute who are impoverishing the language by using certain words in such a way as to rob them of their special meanings and make them do forced labor as mere synonyms of other words. I am thinking of the linguistic losses, of the erosion of meaning, resulting from the increasing misuse of such words as *protagonist, transpire, stultify, connive, jejune, flair,* and *viable*. I am thinking of the misuse of these words in books signed by famous names, and in our best periodicals—including literary reviews.

Protagonist has by now almost gone the way of *diction*, which began to be lost to the purists a generation ago, when it was filched from them by teachers of speech and dramatic coaches, who already had all the words they needed for their purposes. They gained nothing by their rape of *diction*, but the rest of us are the poorer. And so it is with *protagonist*. How often do we see it used correctly nowadays? Seldom. Few writers hesitate to refer to the *protagonists* of a single play or story, thereby ignoring the singular significance of the Greek prefix, and daring the posthumous rebuke of H. W. Fowler, who declared in "Modern English Usage" that "to talk of several protagonists, or of a chief protagonist, or the like, is an absurdity as great, for anyone who knows Greek, as to call a man the protagonist of a cause or of a person, instead of the protagonist of a drama or of an affair." But who knows Greek today? And how many writers are there, now, who can resist the temptation to use *protagonist* as if it were a synonym of *champion, spokesman, proponent, advocate,* or *prolocutor*? Not many. Indeed, some lexicographers have even ceased to stamp such usage as vulgar. But it is becoming fashionable among lexicographers not to run up warning signals.

As for *transpire*, in the sense of "come to be known," it, too, is almost lost to us—and the loss is great. There is no other single word that says exactly what *transpire* once said. At present it is commonly made to do the routine work of *happen* or *occur*. What a waste! Seldom, indeed, do we find it performing its correct function in some such sentence as, "Deacon Brodie was a respected member of his community until it transpired that he was a common criminal."

A similar fate has overtaken *stultify*—"to make or cause to appear foolish or ridiculous." If we see it used correctly once, we see it used incorrectly 100 times. We read of the stultifying atmosphere of a small town, as opposed, I suppose, to the invigorating atmosphere of a large city. We read that a character is stultified, when the author obviously intends to tell us that the character is frustrated. The fact is that this word has come to mean so many different things to so many different writers that it is hard to keep a tally of the deviations from its true sense. This is a pity, for *stultify*, properly used, is one of the most neatly effective words in our language. Yet there is little hope that writers will cease to stultify themselves by their misuse of it.

It is a pity, too, that the unique meaning of *connive* should be almost forgotten. There is no word to take its place, for there is no other single word that means "wink *at* (what one ought to oppose)." The key to the word's meaning lies in the preposition *at*. One can connive *at* a crime, but one cannot connive *with* someone else to commit a crime. When we ask *connive* to take the place of *conspire* or *plot*, we ask a precise verbal tool to perform a task for which it is not needed, and we blunt its proper edge.

It is an association of sounds, probably, that has misled many writers into believing that *jejune* is a rough translation of the French word *jeune*, and into using it as a synonym of *juvenile* or *puerile*. Whatever the ex-

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Up to the time* SR *Feb. 16 went to press with John Ciardi's "The Reviewer's Duty to Damn," we had received a half-dozen letters in his support against hundreds of criticism. Since that time the readers' mail has swung sharply in his favor. Not for the purpose of attaching any significance to numbers, but purely in the interests of a factual accounting, we now report an overall three-to-two balance in Mr. Ciardi's favor.*

NO RIGHT

YOU HAVE NO right to use the editorial page to criticize John Ciardi. I am cancelling my subscription.

ARNOLD WHITMAN.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

PLEASE CANCEL

HOW CAN YOU support Mr. Ciardi? Please cancel my subscription.

HAROLD DAWES.

Los Angeles, Calif.

ONE UP

I SENT A subscription order to *SR* on the strength of Mr. Ciardi's criticism of Mrs. Lindbergh's verse.

NAME WITHHELD.

Oyster Bay, N. Y.

ONE DOWN

THE HYSTERICS of Mr. Ciardi's review were bad enough, but in his defense he points up a serious danger to your fair editorial policies. Mr. Ciardi writes, "They (the poems) provided an excellent opportunity to define further that sort of pernicious poetry I mean to have none of in *SR*." If a person of Mr. Ciardi's questionable maturity is to be allowed to choose the *type* of poetry to be published in *SR*, then you can cancel my subscription.

JANET HUSTON.

Truro, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We are regretfully cancelling Miss Huston's subscription.*

REIMBURSEMENT

IF YOU WILL accept contributions, I'd like to reimburse *SR* for every cent of cash lost in cancelled subscriptions—either by those who disapprove of it for having published Mr. Ciardi in the first place, or by those who are outraged that the magazine should have published all the letters from readers criticizing him. This controversy alone is worth more than the cost of a dozen subscriptions.

DONALD R. MATSON.

Chicago, Ill.

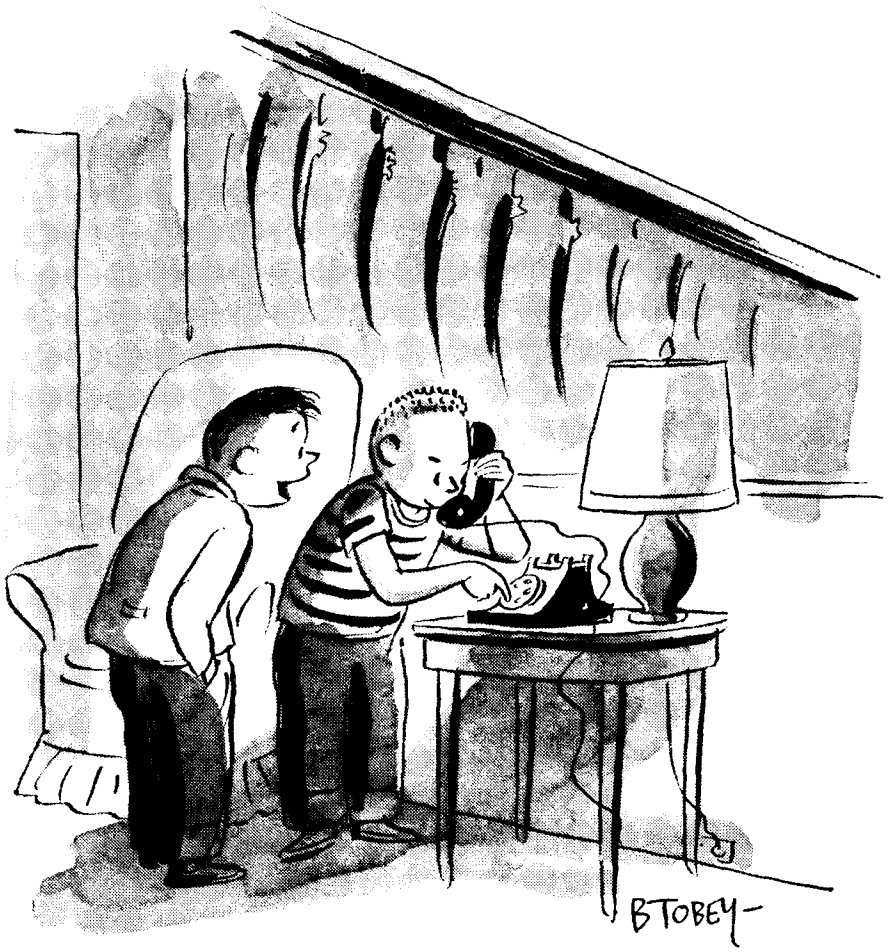
PRESERVE CIARDI

AS A MEMBER OF THE Society for the Preservation of John Ciardi, I predict that following the first emotional surge you will get a steady stream of letters defending him. On several occasions I have written Mr. Ciardi lambasting him a bit. His replies have been the courteous, well-considered words of a man who is interested in ideas but not in personalities.

While I think Mr. Ciardi was a bit rough, still he was right. He is a gentleman and as such gets pretty warm when his loved ones are abused, and the muse is one of his loved ones. Furthermore, he is a darned good critic and a fine poet. He completely separates Mrs. Lindbergh as a person and as a poet. While I personally would be a bit more moderate, still I say, "Long live Ciardi!"

CARLIN ADEN.

Tacoma, Wash.



"If a man or a woman answers—hang up!"

NON-THOUGHT

THIS WIDESPREAD CRITICISM of Mr. Ciardi's review suggests a disturbing paradox. The violent personal vilification of Mr. Ciardi is the very kind of attack which the public claims to find in his review. The great majority of your letter-writers seem to us to have reacted to that review with all the insensitivity to its purpose which they condemn in Mr. Ciardi. Such popular insensitivity in defense of a volume of so-called "sensitive" poetry bears out the point that Mr. Ciardi was making regarding the appeal and the audience of "The Unicorn." The well-meaning sloppiness of thought that was the subject of this review is fighting back with all the sloppiness of non-thought at its non-well-meaning command.

MAX NATHAN, JR.
STEPHEN J. JELIN.

New Haven, Conn.

IMMORTAL MOTS

IF MR. CIARDI had been shooting at a flea his artillery would certainly have been out of place, but Mrs. Lindbergh has achieved a public stature somewhat greater than that of a flea. It is for this reason first of all that she deserves Mr. Ciardi's criticism. Good poetry cannot be selected by popular vote, even in a democracy. An educational system which introduces children to the great world of poetic literature through the works of Helen Hunt Jackson can scarcely produce a poetry-minded people.

I am convinced that the final para-

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graphs of Mr. Ciardi's review will survive, amidst the *mots juste* of Shaw and Woollcott and those other acid-tongued reviewers of the past whose passing has been as loudly mourned as their writings were loudly anathematized while they lived.

NEIL FREEDMAN.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

MASTERPIECE OF CLARITY

WE ARE DELIGHTED that someone in the modern world has the intelligence to realize and the honesty to uphold the lately abused principles of literary criticism. Mr. Ciardi's painstaking review of Mrs. Lindbergh's "popular" verse is a masterpiece of clarity in pointing out the slothfulness into which idols too frequently fall.

POLLY BENSON.
BETH MEARS.

Sweet Briar, Va.

THE SAKE OF POETRY

BECAUSE THIS READER has always felt that building a doghouse for one's dog does not entitle the builder to the classification of architect, thank you for John Ciardi's review, for projecting into the *SR* many rocks and pebbles of the anti-Ciardi "avalanche"; for stating your editorial position so clearly; and for the candid brilliance of Mr. Ciardi's rebuttal (in "The Reviewer's Duty to Damn"). It is high time somebody did something about poetry, for the sake of poetry, even if the "personal distinction" of a Mrs. Lindbergh, a Miss Vanderbilt, a Spellman *et al.*, must suffer in the process. Where that distinction is based on newspapers' and popular magazines' build-up it is a greater reason for expecting *SR* to give a serious report, if the net product of those who look at the stars (to paraphrase Mr. Ciardi) is passed on to us as serious stuff.

BRUNO TORZIA.

Bayonne, N. J.

NO RESTRAINTS

I AM WRITING to you to express my appreciation of John Ciardi, both as critic and editor. His review was an honest, thorough, and craftsmanlike job, one that deserves to go under the name of literary criticism. It is my hope that no restraints will be placed on Mr. Ciardi's critical reviewing and editorial policies.

GEORGE GORDIN, JR.

Washington, D. C.

CIARDI THE KILLER

IN MR. CIARDI'S boundless scorn for what he calls the Genteel Tradition in poetry, he apparently would wish it banished and replaced with his choice, *i.e.*, an inbred, super-species of poetry, virile, highly disciplined, ruthless and "real." For Mr. Ciardi's sake, it's too bad that reality cannot be so neatly regimented, separated and labelled. Instead, life stubbornly persists in endless variety.

If poetry is to reflect life truly, then it must give expression to great range—surely to the abstract, the homely, and the Genteel, as well as to the concrete, the intellectual, and the sanguine. The throttling action arising out of Mr. Ciardi's dogmatic, either/or attitude towards his admittedly beloved Muse would, if successful, ultimately kill the thing he loves.

IRINA STARR.

Los Angeles, Calif.

HOW ABOUT EMILY?

IS IT POSSIBLE that John Ciardi is mistaking his prejudices for principles? It has happened. And could his prejudices possibly be based on a schoolboy fear that poetry is not a proper work for a man, transmuted now into a compulsion to prove that women can't write it?

It would be interesting to apply the criteria of his review of Mrs. Lindbergh's book to the work of a more firmly established American woman poet—say Emily Dickinson. On the grounds of mixed metaphor, faulty rhymes, inverted sentence order, individualistic punctuation, and ambiguous grammar she would fail his test at every point. Nor is she afraid to write "beauty" with a capital B. Do we give her a zero along with Mrs. Lindbergh and the illiterate freshmen?

ANNA MARY WELLS.

New Brunswick, N. J.

WHERE ARE THE POETS?

LET ME SAY this for Mr. Ciardi: he has a right to list his principles of judgment—he is doing his damnedest to honor them. There must be, however, many words concerning what seems to me to be a hidden issue of great importance—for poetry—that neither Mr. Ciardi, the Editor, nor the readers have touched upon. No one has stood up to say "Good Lord, 400 letters and only four in his favor!" My question is: Where are the poets? Where are the voices of all the people who have a vital interest in a discussion of this variety? Where are the words of all those who have profited by Mr. Ciardi's ideas, either through direct personal contact, or through his influence on poetry in general (I have special reference here to his notable anthology, "Mid-Century American Poets")?

RALPH SCHNEEBAUM.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

DON'T FIRE HIM

WHAT A RELIEF to have a reviewer speak his mind as well as John Ciardi has spoken his both in the review and his defense of it. Don't fire Ciardi! He may purify the reviewing profession. It needs it.

J. EDWARD CAROTHERS.

Schenectady, N. Y.

OBJECTIVE READERS

SELDOM HAVE I read a review that was more complete. It was well conceived and logically carried out, based not on Mr. Ciardi's so-called "vituperance," but on evidence drawn directly from his source. His thoroughness, which must be complimented, is impersonal; it must be in any critic. But just as the critic has a duty so the reader has a responsibility—that of making a sincere endeavor to see through the eyes of the critic, objectively and impersonally without prejudice and self-consciousness.

C. L. GODAR.

St. Louis, Mo.

SANE AND ANGRY

IT IS THE AGE of the sentimental idiot. Mr. Ciardi's sane and angry voice will be relished by a minute minority.

WILLIAM GAULT.

Pacific Palisades, Calif.

SICK READERS

MAY I SPEAK out in behalf of John Ciardi? I, as a psychoanalyst, suspect that Anne Morrow Lindbergh represents an illusion to the American public, a sort of object of hero-worship; and when one takes the hero apart and reveals the hero for what it is, the reaction is anger. The destruction of an illusion is painful, and the readers, rather than feel their pain, grow angry and vituperative toward Ciardi. It is a reaction that the psychoanalyst encounters daily in his practice. Poor Mr. Ciardi is the goat. May I applaud your sound willingness to let him differ. Voltaire would shake hands with you.

WILLIAM RICKEL.

Dayton, Ohio

NO MORE RELUCTANCE

MORE POWER TO Mr. Ciardi who has principles and upholds them. My only criticism is that he apologized too much in his review and labored too much in his rebuttal. I am a recent and (heretofore) reluctant reader of *SR*. My reluctance is no more.

HELENA M. STAINTON.

Ithaca, N. Y.

KEEP AT IT

I BELIEVE PUBLIC taste is improving and *SR* is in a rather special position to help things along. For that reason I should hate: 1. To see Mr. Ciardi get sore and quit; 2. To see him get fired; 3. To see him compromise with his conscience and issue a memorial edition of James W. Riley. Keep at it, Mr. Ciardi, but for Pete's sake remember that you don't need a cannon to get a sacred cow off the street.

WILL JONATHAN.

Tacoma, Wash.

NO MEALY-MOUTHS

WISH TO GOD more mealy-mouthed critics were like Mr. Ciardi!

RICHARD POPE.

Detroit, Mich.

ANOTHER UP

I SHOULD LIKE to congratulate *SR* on its choice of Poetry Editor. At last we have felt a breath of fresh air through the pages of your magazine. Though we have subscribed to the *SR* for many years, I must confess that we have become a bit bored with the reviews. They lack vigor,

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vitality, and lively controversy. Too often, as Mr. Ciardi rightly says, the reviews sound like blurbs for publishers' dust jackets rather than thoughtful, exacting considerations of the art work.

MRS. HANS J. VAN BAAREN.
Toledo, Ohio.

BRAVO, BRAVO

CONGRATULATIONS TO Mr. Ciardi for having the courage to call a spade a spade. As a fellow-teacher who is vitally interested in seeing only that which is great art praised and that which is rubbish written only for the edification of mediocre minds exposed, I can only say, bravo. Again, Mr. Ciardi, bravo!

NICHOLAS PETE NICHOLS.
San Antonio, Tex.

WHERE'S THE LOYALTY?

I HAD ALWAYS believed that *SR*'s readers constituted the most loyal band of magazine subscribers in the country. I am frankly shocked that they would now try to punish the magazine by subscription cancellations as the result of one of the most important literary controversies in recent years. What has happened to our perspective? Why do we have to fly apart like this in an argument! I don't see what purpose is served by hurting the one magazine that is honest and courageous enough to keep all the channels of a debate open. How many readers agree with me?

MARTHA ARNHEIM.
Philadelphia, Pa.

GRATITUDE

HERE IS ONE READER, at least, who—far from being agitated one way or the other by the Ciardi-Lindbergh controversy—is profoundly grateful that it took place. I have respect for everyone involved—Mrs. Lindbergh, Mr. Ciardi, the readers, and the magazine itself. Where else could one find people excited and concerned enough about poetry to make it into the national issue that it has become? My gratitude for an important and stimulating intellectual experience.

RICHARD G. THOMPKINS.
Boston, Mass.

GENTEELS GO HANG

I HAVE BEEN A subscriber and a steady reader of *SR* for about ten years. When I read a book review I want to know accurately what the book is about, whether what it tries to do is worth doing, and whether it has done well what it set out to do. A politely vague pat on the back is of no value whatever. It is not that I like "slashing" or malicious reviews, but I do want a well informed and judicious report, applying proper critical standards. This is what I generally get out of John Ciardi. A similar judicious and stimulating report on other forms of human activity is what I get out of writers like Henry Hewes or Hollis Alpert or Arthur Knight or Horace Sutton. I may not agree with their opinions, but I profit by overhearing their minds at work. Hang on to the brains you have—Ciardi, Hewes, Sutton, and the rest—but, for pity's sake, get in a few more. Let the genteel sentimentalists go hang; it is not they who will save either the world or your magazine.

ROBERT B. DOREMUS.
Madison, Wis.

FLAGGING DISCIPLINES

MR. CIARDI WIELDS a most chastening club in his endeavor to demolish the "delicate shells" housing popular poetic myths and to club the flitting "butterflies" of blatant poetic resplendence. It is well we have such a Virgilian guide (and I have the utmost faith in Mr. Ciardi's taste and discretion) in this contemporary Inferno of images and shapes obfuscated by rank commercialism. It is men like Mr. Ciardi who alone can revitalize the flagging creative disciplines in the United States.

VINCENT R. TORTORA.
Lancaster, Pa.

KINDLY CIARDI

I NEVER MET Mr. Ciardi, but have made a few attempts at getting some poems, which were not the technical modern type, published in *SR*. None was ever published, of which I'm glad now, because they would seem out of place in a highly literary magazine.

Nevertheless, I received nothing but kindly and generous encouragement and humble advice from Mr. Ciardi when he returned those poems. He took the time to write me sincere letters filled with the warmth of a good-natured personality, and there was no reason why he should single me out to be a receiver of his kindliness. I am sure there are many others like me who could say the same.

NAME WITHHELD.
Weehawken, N.J.

THE WONDER THE WONDER

SR NEVER HAD IT better, especially in the wary observation of "the wonder the wonder the wonder of being fifty in a vague suburban way."

MARY BELL.
Cicero, Ill.

IN THE MURK

I'M TIRED OF seeing overrated writers dutifully applauded by sheep-like critics. There's too much equivocating, too many vague phrases such as "I rather think this book has come close to the mark" in today's criticism. Mr. Ciardi shines in the murk. He has had the guts to say clearly and firmly, "This is a bad book." It's a pleasure to read a reviewer who demonstrates courage, integrity and intelligence. I vote for John Ciardi.

MARGARET RICH.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Cut that out!"

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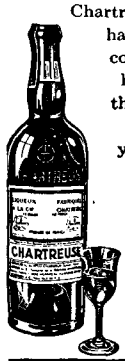

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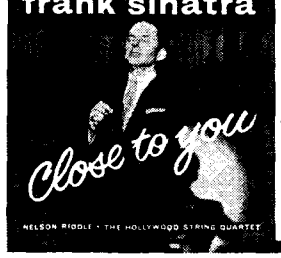

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"A MASTERPIECE!"—Atkinson, Times
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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Westport Itch

"Tunnel of Love" is *almost* a lot of things. It is *almost* a comic attack on adoption agencies and all the nonsense that goes along with an adoptions investigation. Playwright Peter De Vries captures the essence here when to the investigator's question, "Do you ever think of the victims of broken homes?" he has a harried applicant reply, "I think of the victims of intact ones." The play is *almost* a significant comment on the docile American male who strays into a brief, unrelished adultery, not because of overwhelming desire but because he has just had a fight with his wife. It is *almost* a hilarious exposure of that American type, "the Babbitt Bohemian." It is *almost* a good-natured spoof of exurbanism in Westport, Connecticut. And it is almost a *New Yorker*ish protest against modern society's web of small incongruities: "We can't go to Lake Placid this week-end because our baby-sitter is in Bermuda," say a stymied couple.

However, the playwright seems to have himself accepted our society's intimidations to the same extent as his characters. Thus, he has weakened his comedy. He too often lets the tone of the play drop from the level of *The New Yorker* to that of *McCall's*. And the play's curtain lines, instead of cementing an attitude, merely remind us how ordinary much of the comedy is.

As Augie Poole, the quiet and desperate victim, Tom Ewell gives a masterful performance that defies and even makes virtues of the play's lapses. Like a cowed spaniel on a hot day, he mopes about the stage absorbing undeserved punishment. His favorite reaction is to sit with glazed expression and pant in and out several times. He is superb at the long slow take followed by a mischievous grin. And when the character must laugh at his own bad joke, Mr. Ewell does it with such warmth and pleasure that we laugh harder than if the joke were a good one. Nancy Olson brings good looks and healthy domesticity to the role of Augie's wife. Darren McCavin provides a nice contrast to Mr. Ewell as the professional mass adulterer in this fun-spotted sentimental farce.

STEFAN ZWEIG'S adaptation of Jonson's **"Volpone"** makes the Elizabethan comedy applicable to contemporary types while it retains the original setting and period. The current production at Second Avenue's Rooftop Theatre is an ambitious one for off-Broadway, but for the most part it succeeds. Director Gene Frankel gives the buffoonery a solid base by emphasizing that this is a play on the immorality of any money-oriented society.

Alfred Ryder's perpetual motion Mosca is a fast-thinking and lively performance despite a kind of personal remoteness which keeps us from sharing many of the character's pleasures and predicaments. Howard Da Silva's Volpone is an enjoyable portrait of a man defeated by his own rapacity, not only for money but practical jokes. Arthur Malet's senile money-lender is an uproarious creation. The high pitch of glee he works up when fishing with an absurdly long pendant down the dress-front of a voluptuous courtesan is first-rate bawdry. But perhaps the best scene in the show is Art Smith's shrewd lawyer pulling out all stops to get Volpone acquitted. While one is conscious of a deliberate broadness of approach and the redundancy of a device whereby dancers integrate antics and changing scenery, this "Volpone" is full of vitality, audacity, and humor.

"Holiday for Lovers" is an object lesson for all playwrights whose formula is "What will please the average man?" In this appallingly trite comedy, Ronald Alexander has pictured a prosperous middle-aged couple from Minneapolis on their first trip to Europe. They participate in most of the stock gaucheries traditionally associated with Babbitts abroad, and rather arbitrarily come to learn that family relations and foreign relations can be best served by a relaxed live-and-let-live policy. The proceedings fluctuate between wise-cracks and "romance," and of course a bit of naughtiness is hinted at along the way. However, parents will be gratified to know that the ending reveals nothing immoral to have occurred. Don Ameche and Carmen Matthews play the "typical" American couple with patient conviction. And Shepard Traube produces the whole gooey mess as if he were serving up the chef's special at one of Alice Foote MacDougal's pseudo-exotic restaurants.

—HENRY HEWES.

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TV AND RADIO

The Lesson of "Mayerling"

THERE has been some favorable comment on the recent TV production of "Mayerling," all of it written (as far as I know) by critics with color-receivers. It was the kind of costume-piece to which color adds a good deal and I, who saw it in black-and-white and found its ninety minutes inept and tiresome to the last degree, might have assumed that it was one of those productions calculated to make people dissatisfied with their present sets. It didn't out-pull "I Love Lucy," but it kept a sizable audience well into the third of its three segments. What this means, obviously, is that other people know far better than I do what will attract an audience.

It was an almost totally meritless production. I had hoped that the ratings would be disastrous, not to salve my personal pride, but to salve my pride in the American people. For every inferior production which holds its own in the ratings confirms the cynical principle that with enough ballyhoo you can put anything over.

The ballyhoo was sensational. For the first time, to my knowledge, *Life* magazine gave its cover to the stars of a television program before it was produced—and the stars were Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer, making their first appearance in television. But the great publicity was the *money:* over $500,000 for a single performance! All that and Hepburn, too.

The opening shot was a shot—a hand holding a revolver, the trigger pulled, a faint pop, then the trigger pulled twice again with a click each time. Then a chromo of snow on mountains and a palace. Then credits. Then a man in costume who turned out to be John Hancock, not a member of the cast but a representative of the co-sponsor, who started the commercial. At least five minutes were gone before we were into the action.

It was the same action as the movie in which Charles Boyer was so romantic (this is not surprising, since Anatole Litvak produced both and seemed bent on making the television version as big, if not as long, as the original). With endless singing in cafes and dancing in streets, a Viennese operetta was performed with dialogue right out of the 1890s. Sample: "Protocol — intrigue — deceit — I can't—I cant—ENOUGH!" (Sound effect: crash of glass).

Somewhere near the beginning a student was arrested and later Rudolf protested against the arrest of an editor. For the rest, the story had no relation to the historical romance or to anything else real. Miss Hepburn's soft fragility met the stony immobility of Ferrer's Rudolf. An hour after the play began the story took hold; Rudolf wanted an annulment in order to marry his mistress; the Emperor prevented it.

The production wasn't one-fifth as good as the movie. I, who want intensely for television to create its own works, found no excuse for not having gone back and projected the movie, since nothing was added and a sense of life was conspicuously absent. And I wondered who had gained by the transaction. I wondered particularly whether the audience which stuck with it would want ever to see it or anything like it again.

For it is not what happens to a single broadcast, but what happens to the feelings people have about all broadcasting that will count in the end. In the movies what happened was that, long before television came in, people began to be tired of the popular things. It's a paradox, but it nearly wrecked the movies.

AN out-of-routine show which can probably run for a year on the budget of a single "Mayerling" is "The Last Word" (CBS). Professor Bergen Evans, well attended by John Mason Brown and a variety of guests (including Gipsy Rose Lee, who preferred "strip-teaser" to the Menckenian "ecdysiast"), discuss words, their use and abuse. It has a welcome touch of pedantry at times. Mr. Brown said that with his "hillbilly background" he naturally accented "exquisite" on the first syllable. "Why do you call yourself a hillbilly?" asked Dr. Evans. "That was irony," said Mr. Brown with a triumphant grin. The interchanges are, as they were on "Information, Please," the best part of the proceedings, a demonstration that if you give intelligent people something to talk about and change the subject often enough you will get a special kind of gaiety.

I thought I perceived a tendency in the first few programs to justify any usage if it is popular enough. Mr. Brown, with his background not hillbilly, and including *SR*, stands resolutely against this dubious development.

—GILBERT SELDES.

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THE FINE ARTS

Two Masters of Expressionism

IF ASKED to name some of the most interesting events of the winter art season in New York, I would place high on the list the exhibition at the Galerie St. Etienne of watercolors and drawings by the Austrian painter, Egon Schiele. It is astonishing that an artist of such talent should be so little known internationally. There are reasons. To begin with Schiele, born in 1890, died in 1918, whereas his more celebrated countryman Oskar Kokoschka is still going strong. Moreover, though Schiele's career was at times unbearably difficult, his works today are revered in his homeland and only with difficulty may be exported for sale abroad. All the publications on his art are in German with the exception of the catalogue of his current New York exhibition. It is encouraging, however, that the State Printing Office of Austria will soon release a portfolio, "Egon Schiele as a Draughtsman," with comprehensive text in English by Otto Benesch, one of Vienna's most accomplished art historians.

Despite all the factors contributing to Schiele's obscurity, the artist has had a small but ardent group of champions in this country, and pictures by him hang in the museums of Santa Barbara and Milwaukee. His show of watercolors and drawings in New York this winter has been almost completely sold out, and some of the finest items have gone to public institutions. We will see his art more and more often, and he will almost certainly take his rightful place as a peer of Kokoschka and as one of the most gifted artists produced by Central European expressionism.

Like Aubrey Beardsley in England Schiele, dying appallingly young, was precocious. I don't know why Beardsley's name came to mind while visiting the Schiele exhibition. Both artists were masterful designers, of course, but Schiele's draftsmanship is far more virile and lacks altogether the *Yellow Book* perversity of the English prodigy. It is art of a different, higher, and more intense order, and it is a significant fact that Schiele revered Van Gogh's drawings which Beardsley very likely would have thought too ferocious. A strong evangelical fervor underlies many of Schiele's images, and it is ironic that in 1912 he should have been jailed briefly for creating what the civic authorities considered to be pornographic drawings because their subjects were schoolgirls (today some of these drawings are treasured jealously in Austria).

Among foreign artists Schiele also greatly admired Toulouse-Lautrec, whose incisive line was an abiding influence. But his true master was his countryman Gustav Klimt, whom he met in 1907 and knew well until the latter's death, the same year as his own. It was probably Klimt who gave him the courage to break with his teachers at the Vienna Academy and who had some of his rebellious works included in the first progressive art

—Galerie St. Etienne.

Egon Schiele's "Man Draped in Red Shawl" and "Black Girl"—". . . strong evangelical fervor."

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—*Museum of Modern Art.*

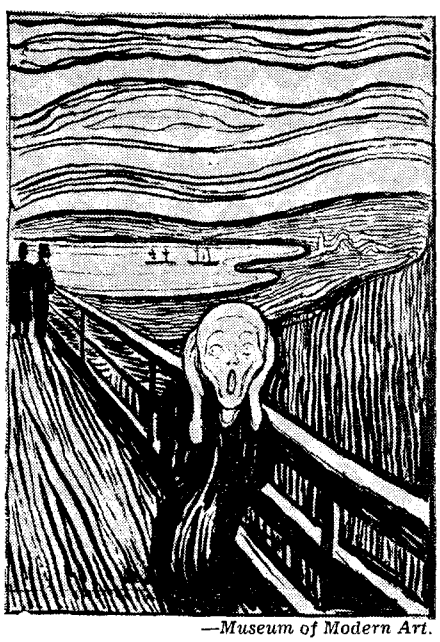
"Summer Night," by Edward Munch—". . . strange, melancholy, and piercing."

exhibition held in modern Vienna—the famous "Kunstchau" of 1909, which also brought Van Gogh and Kokoschka to the attention of a frightened public. From that time on Schiele worked with rising mastery as a graphic artist. Consider, for example, the deftness and psychological acuteness of his watercolor, "Black Girl." The economy and strength of its contours are rare, its subtlety of mood unforgettable. Or consider the vigor and ruthless intensity of the "Man Draped in Red Shawl," an image whose terseness recalls the greatest draftsmen of the Orient, though its feverish involvement with subject attests to Schiele's important role in the development of Central European expressionism. The two pictures just mentioned make clear that the artist was prodigiously gifted not only as a draftsman, but as an evocative colorist. His discipline was unrelenting, his introspective honesty nowhere more apparent than in his many self portraits (of which the "Man Draped" may well be one). He obviously was fascinated by his own visage and moods. Like his German contemporary Max Beckmann he painted and drew himself over and over again. Two of his finest studies of his own personality were executed in 1910 and 1911 respectively: a black gouache which accentuates his wide-eyed youthfulness and sensitivity; and a tempera and pencil image of himself, nude, frail, tormented, brave, and older.

"Drawings of young masters," remarks Dr. Benesch in his forthcoming publication on Schiele as a draftsman, "notably of those who died young, have in them something especially exciting and rapturous." The question remains whether Schiele was as fine an artist in oil as in the more intimate media of watercolor, tempera and gouache. Unfortunately, there is not enough evidence outside his native Austria to settle the matter decisively. Yet the Galerie St. Etienne possesses a portrait by Schiele of his father-in-law which suggests that his best oils retain the sharp conviction of his sketches. We know that he was deeply affected by the art of the Swiss Ferdinand Hodler; his painting seems to owe Hodler little. On the other hand, he at times draws close to Kokoschka, his elder by four years, notably in his handling of the gnarled labyrinth of the aging human hand and in certain densities of impasto. Yet there is little reason to believe that he was ever very close to Kokoschka either in personal terms or esthetic aim. Indeed, one of those unpredictable rivalries may have kept them apart, and I can still remember Kokoschka's shrug of indifference when I once asked him his opinion of his younger colleague. In any case, there is room for both these excellent artists in the top rank of expressionism, and only a comprehensive exhibition of Schiele's oils can throw light on their similarities and differences as painters.

Schiele also loved the art of that extraordinary precursor of expressionism—the Norwegian Edvard Munch, a large selection of whose paints is now on display at the Museum of Modern Art. The show is spellbinding in quality, and affirms Munch's position as one of the great printmakers of modern times. Seeing it soon after the Schiele exhibition, one could understand why Dr. Benesch should have written in the latter exhibition's foreword, "For Edvard Munch he felt a reverent admiration, the substance matter of Munch's world casting a deep spell over him." The truth is that Munch, more than any other artist with the possible exception of Van Gogh, established the spiritual climate in which Schiele and nearly all the other expressionists were to flourish. It was a strange, melancholy, and piercing climate, and the contribution of Munch's prints such as "The Shriek" cannot be overestimated. As William S. Lieberman has said in his informative foreword to the catalogue of the current Munch show, "Munch's revelations were cultivated by passion, with terror and perhaps, like Baudelaire's, with delight."

CONSIDERED together, the Schiele and Munch exhibitions reflect a growing interest in this country in expressionism as a vital movement in modern art. For a time during the late 1920s and early 1930s expressionist painting as founded by Northern and Central European artists had a devoted if limited following here among museum curators, dealers and collectors. And then for a long time it was eclipsed by our taste for the art of Paris and of our own country. Today the tide is swinging more than a little in expressionism's direction, and we begin to see more clearly that men like Schiele, Munch, Ensor, Kokoschka, Beckmann, Nolde, Kirchner, and Heckel, if still not the equals of Matisse and Picasso, have been among the most remarkable artists of our century. —JAMES THRALL SOBY.



—*Museum of Modern Art.*

Munch's "The Shriek."

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Orchestras and Rubinstein, Operas and Singers

IN A week of notable orchestra performance—the Cleveland with George Szell, the Minneapolis with Antal Dorati, as well as the Philharmonic-Symphony with Bruno Walter—some of the most orchestral was accomplished by Artur Rubinstein in a pair of Chopin recitals. To speak of this paragon of pianists in terms of the orchestra may seem paradoxical, but in returning to Carnegie Hall for the first time since his memorable concerto series of last February, he demonstrated that with or without a stageful of associates (the ones he had this time were paying, rather than paid) there are woodwinds and percussion, strings and brass in the piano as he plays it.

In the first program (of which the B minor Scherzo, the B flat minor Sonata, the G minor Ballade, and the F minor Fantasy were, perversely, "major" works) Rubinstein produced some extremes of power and effect rare at any time. In such a relatively unfamiliar work as the G flat Impromptu, or in the trio of the Sonata's scherzo or the consoling melody of the Funeral March, the vibrant, pliant sound was beautifully molded into textures of sonorous softness. But the breadth of tone evoked for the charging climaxes of the scherzo and the sonata was grandly scaled, grandly realized. So much physical exertion does not invariably go hand in key with precision, and sometimes the lunge was approximate rather than precise. The notes were not invariably the ones written by Chopin, but the emotional aim was dead center.

Bruno Walter's second series of Philharmonic concerts was devoted almost entirely to Mahler's Second Symphony, of which he has profound understanding and for which he has transcendent sympathy. He also has the will and the skill to transform the Philharmonic's strings into a resonant likeness of the Vienna ensemble recently heard here, while seasoning with woodwinds and brass to the same taste. But with all the fine sound to support Mahler's purpose, it is still a heavy burden at eighty minutes' length. When the compositional vision is clear, as in the Schubertian scherzo, the end product is a rewarding one. Otherwise, for this taste, much that is written cries to be rewritten.

On the whole, there is greater creative discipline in the preceding three songs of Mahler ("Wo die trompeten bläsen," "Ich atmet ein Linden duft," and "Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen"), which were exquisitely sung by Maria Stader. The tiny Stader (standing on a small podium she scarcely towered cello high) is living proof that good things do not necessarily require large packaging. The God who made great whales also made speckled trout—and who is to question which is more attractive and, also, nourishing? In the Symphony the "Urlicht" section was suitably sung by Maureen Forrester, a young Canadian mezzo who has the voice and, apparently, the musical intelligence for a worthwhile career. Her good appearance is also an asset.

The season's yield of fine orchestral performance was heightened no little by the exemplary work of the Cleveland ensemble under Szell's unremitting direction. Understandably, a tour program—a new work of Martinu, the Brahms Violin Concerto played by Henryk Szering, and the Second Symphony of Schumann—is polished to a keen glow, but the suggestion here was of solidity as well as surface. The account of Szering can be short and sweet: he is a sure hand with the instrument, himself, and the music he played. This is a strong-armed, open-sounding violinist, who gets around a stiff right wrist action with the agility born of long adaptation to difficulty. The musicianship is cultured, the emotional perception honest. Such artistic truths provide their own consequences. Some might find his Brahms somewhat austere, but it is conceivable that he might play with even more freedom and flexibility under more relaxed circumstances. Withal, he served notice that a new star is in ascendance.

In addition to drawing a fine—perhaps, too fine—background for Szering's effort, Szell made a varied-sounding thing of Martinu's "Frescoes of Piero della Francesca." In these, the admired metaphysician of many tonal speculations has turned reporter in what seemed to me a deliberate effort at a popular, playable piece in the Respighi manner. There is nothing immoral in this, though whether it is both playable and popular remains for audiences to determine. What it contains in coloration, delineation, and animation was brightly projected through Szell's searching kind of eye and ear.

Measured by such accomplishments, the Bartok program offered by Dorati and the Minneapolis Symphony was, in concept, all virtue but in execution rather weak in proper sound. Dorati has this orchestra keyed to a brittle kind of brilliance which becomes attenuated in the scoring of a suite from the "Miraculous Mandarin" or the "Concerto for Orchestra." When combined with Yehudi Menuhin's wiry rasp in the violin concerto, the slate and the nail were a little too vividly suggested. No one could question the energy or devotion with which the evening's work was pursued, but a greater concern for ear appeal would have been welcome.

MARY Curtis-Verna, a soprano of American birth who has sung in San Francisco and at the City Center between lengthy spells in Italy, came to the Metropolitan in mid-February to sing Leonora in "Trovatore" with a big sound, insufficiently schooled and not well disciplined. It is, altogether, difficult to speak of this as a voice, for it is, rather, a collection of tones, some better than others. Ordinarily, aspiring sopranos strain for their top production, but in the case of Miss Curtis (Verna is a married name acquired in Italy), the F to C (even D) compass has been strengthened at the expense of the middle and lower range. Thus, she can curve a Verdian line at the top, which is always an exciting thing. But this leaves other, equally important responsibilities unfulfilled. A good figure on the stage, Miss Curtis-Verna's attributes are so sharply divided that one doubts a real fusion of abilities and lacks can be achieved. Max Rudolf's direction of the score (Kurt Baum and Leonard Warren were the other principals) imposed some ludicrous—but far from funny—distortions on Verdi's writing, especially in Act II. The orchestra and singers (not to mention the audience) merit more than good intentions from whatever quarter.

Unfamiliar in the same playing span was Antonietta Stella's Tosca. Assuming that Renata Tebaldi is the Metropolitan's standard for Tosca of one sort, and Maria Callas for another, Miss Stella is substandard both in voice and action. Her voice lacks the kind of pliability and warmth demanded by Puccini's writing, her action the range or resource to make the byplay in Act I convincing. However, it would be hard to say that Gianni Poggi's Cavaradossi met her even halfway. He is the most rounded (to the eye) since Gigli, but with no such vocal displacement. Walter Cassel was Scarpia. Dimitri Mitropoulos conducted, rather unavailingly.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

John's House

THE circus has not, as seems to be generally supposed, collapsed from the competition of television, the difficulties of unions, the impingement of increasing costs, or the harassment of bad luck. Having pulled up a notch in its spangled belt it is sunning itself here on the Gulf of Mexico, where the flyers are flying through the warm winter air, the web girls are practising climbing ropes, and the elephants are getting manicures.

Full-scale rehearsals open to the public begin on March 1, and Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey will make its usual Madison Square Garden April date, continuing from there on a round of auditorium appearances across the country. Alas, both the big top and the circus train have gone the way of the circus parade. The stainless steel cars with the red lettering, once army hospital trains, lie in the Florida sun now, waiting to be sold or scuttled. Elephants and performing animals will henceforth travel on stock cars attached to regular trains, and performers will travel from date to date by train or private car, as they wish, living in hotels in show towns.

Perhaps a silver railroad car or two will be kept as a relic. Out at the Circus's Winter Quarters, just west of town, you can still have a look at the magnificent wagons of the free circus parades that haven't been held since the Twenties. Lined up opposite the menagerie cages where Himalayan bears and young tigers frolic together are wagons from the old Carl Hagenbeck trained animal show, relics of Sells Floto, and the salad days of the Ringling Brothers Show itself, not excluding a 1923 Rolls Royce built for John Ringling at a cost of $20,000.

The old free parade which boomed through town was supposed to be a giant teaser for the circus and the entrepreneurs watched each other carefully for exaggeration. Once, when P. T. Barnum's advance men promised Washington and Baltimore residents that they would see a parade of 100 Golden Chariots, "Glittering Dens and Open Lairs," "Hundreds of Ladies and Gentlemen in Military and Civic Costumes," and "A Score of Elephants," Adam Forepaugh was on him in a nonce. Handbills rolled from the presses. "A Bubble Pricked!" shouted the Forepaugh people, listing the promises of chariots, costumed ladies and gentlemen, and large numbers of elephants. "Every Statement a Gross Exaggeration!" they claimed, "Without a Single Word of Truth!" Then came the rundown:

> Mr. Barnum's Parade in New York Saturday Night, March 21, 1881, exhibited the following totals:
> NOTE THE DISCREPANCY
> Between the Promise and what was Really Given!
> Total Number of Elephants in line ONLY 14, not 20.
> Total Number of Cages in line 23, not as per official announcement, 100 Steel-ribbed Dens and Cages.
> Total Number of Mounted People in Uniform, 25.
> Total Number of Horses, 177.

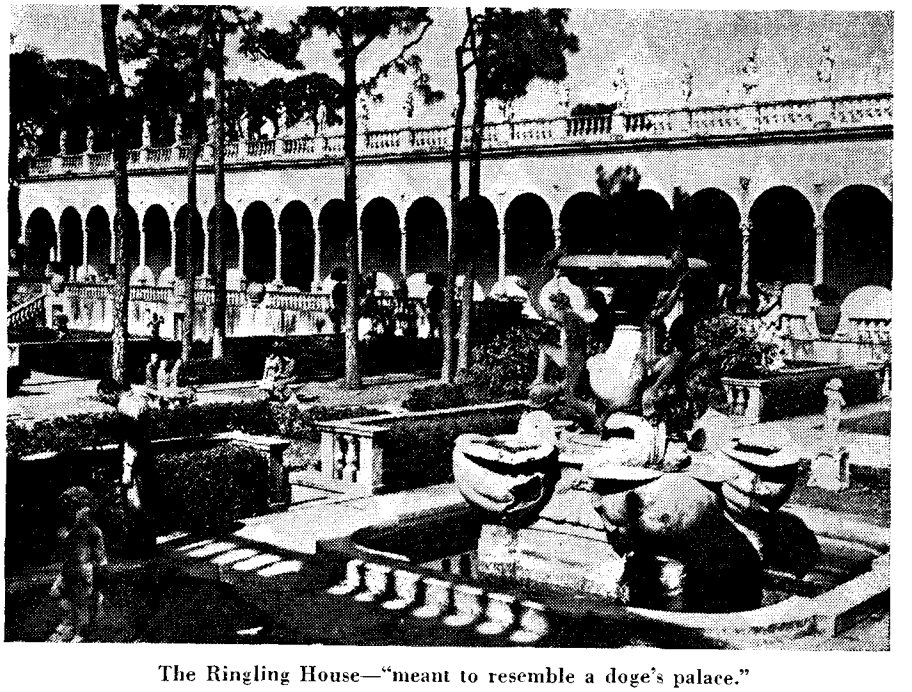
There followed a complete and "correct" inventory of "All That Appeared" in "P. T. Barnum's New York Parade, March 26, 1881." It said Forepaugh would come to Washington April 4, to Baltimore April 6, and it said that Forepaugh's "Largest Show in the World!" exposes "Fraud! Falsehood! and Downright Deceit! In the Interest of the People." It was as if Billy Rose had accused Mike Todd of telling an untruth.

There was, no doubt, a sudden outcropping of sentimental editorials across the nation when the circus parades were stopped some thirty years ago. Actually business at the ticket windows went up 10 per cent when the public was deprived of that wonderfully colorful free show.

Although canvas is gone too, and so is the train (a romantic adjunct which few really saw), most of the acts are still the same. Still spending the winter at Sarasota is that grand dame of the tanbark, Toto the gorilla, at twenty-seven the unkissed widow of the late Gargantua who died in 1949 at Miami, the last stop of the season. Alongside her cage is Gargantua II, age eight, if anything, an adopted son. He rocks back and forth on his trapeze to attract attention, most of which goes to mother next door. If you stick your tongue out at Toto she apes you, and perhaps you feel that you really established communication.

In the outdoor arena, called Little Madison Square Garden because the three rings and two stages are built exactly to New York size, trainers practise their bear act, and stern men in leather boots train the high-strung balky performing horses. Says a sign, "Danger, These Horses Kick and Bite." There is a show every Sunday.

But anyone dropping in almost any hour will find somebody working out. The other afternoon the web girls were practising in what was the train shed before the circus train went the way of the circus parade. New acrobats from Japan climbed the white ropes and arched their backs and curled their hands with a grace that



The Ringling House—"meant to resemble a doge's palace."

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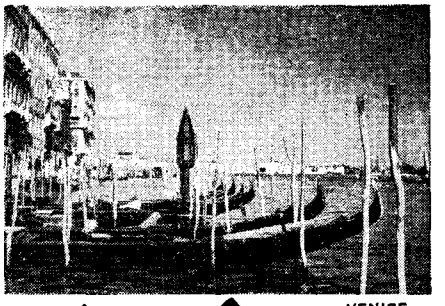

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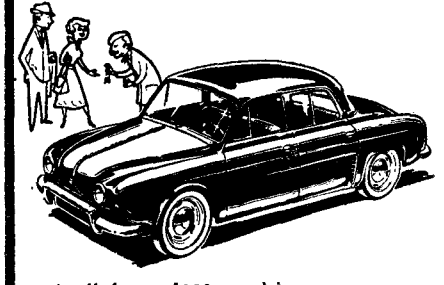

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was hard for the homegrown rope climbers to duplicate. On the floor a tiger trainer was working out a new bicycle act in which he will double this year. His daughter, a blonde curly headed performer of barely two, rode on his back, then climbed to his shoulders, and finally stood there without holding on as he coursed about the ring. He stopped, she climbed down, moved to the edge of the ring, folded in a deep curtsy and took her bows. Among the applauders were a group of Pennsylvania Dutch in their black beards and widebrimmed black hats who had come to Sarasota for the winter too.

No doubt Sarasota's most influential visitor was John Ringling, the sixth son of German immigrants named Ruengeling. The brothers had watched circuses come to McGregor, Iowa, on the shores of the Mississippi, where they lived, and in 1882 Al, Otto, Alf T., Charles, and John organized the Ringling Brothers Classic and Comic Concert Co. In ten years they were a full-fledged professional circus playing under a 170-foot tent, traveling in thirty-one cars, rattling through twelve states. In 1906 Ringling Brothers had bought out Barnum and Bailey, both of whose principals had died. It played as two separate circus troupes until 1919 when it was first combined into Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey.

John came to Sarasota in 1911. He was seven years married to Mable Burton out of the metropolis of Moons, Ohio. At first they lived in a plain frame house on the shore of a thirty-seven-acre tract along the Gulf of Mexico. But John and Mable loved Venice and in 1925 they quit the frame house and built a tidy little place rather reminiscent of Venice called "Ca' d'Zan," which, in Venetian dialect comes out "John's House." John's house is 200 feet long and has a tower sixty feet above the ground. The tower would have been higher, a replica of the one on the old Madison Square Garden, except that Mable was overruled. A marble terrace runs for forty feet along the bay and Mable and John used to descend the thirteen steps to enter their 125-foot houseboat *Zalophus* or their gondola which they had imported from Venice.

Although the overall scheme was meant to resemble a doge's palace, some of the decor might have inspired double somersaults from a doge 500 years deceased. While brocaded walls cloaked the music room, the ceiling was finished in a series of panels which depict dancers of all continents, from Dutch to American Indian.

In the dining room there is a painting of the original Doge's Palace and

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mirrors from the Island of Murano. Cases hold table settings that Mable laid out for the friends who flocked to their hideaway on Sarasota Bay, complete with goldware embossed with frolicking cherubs. The bar was paved in marble, and its giant brass rail and stained glass windows and the bar itself came from the Cicardi Winter Garden Restaurant in St. Louis. Standing on the top of the bar, for posterity's evaluation, are a collection of old bottles which once stocked the saloon of the old Waldorf Astoria, knocked down to make room for the Empire State Building. The only full ones are some bottles of Par-T-Pak Bubbling Water (it's lithiated). I shook one. It still had bubbles.

A white marble stairway led upstairs to a study where John kept bound outsized volumes of "Venice Today." Framed on a wall are eighty railroad passes made out to Ringling as president of the St. Louis and Hannibal R. R. and the White Sulphur Springs and Yellowstone Park. He had other interests too—oil wells in Texas and Oklahoma, grazing lands and mines in Montana, and other abodes north in Jersey and New York.

In 1927 he moved the circus winter quarters from Bridgeport to Sarasota, and when John was in residence in John's House, John slept in a bedroom full of heavy furniture encrusted with nude bronze figures on the footboards. In his closet to this day is his array of hats—boaters, felts, Panamas, and a pith helmet; a dozen canes; pointed white shoes; and white flannel trousers with gray stripes down the side. John's john is lined with butterscotch marble from Siena, and its equipment included a barber chair. From his bed he could gaze admiringly at a painting depicting a cupid and a maiden. In the scene the maiden had written, "Come to me my beautiful one and I shall be free of all sorrows."

Mable's room, just next door, finished in shades of beige, is perhaps the most tasteful room in the house. Her favorite fan hangs in a case on the wall. On a floor above is a vault that would do credit to a self-respecting bank. Nearby is a gaudy rumpus room, the ceilings decorated with Venetian carnival masks. Perhaps here the Ringlings had a high old time to the music of a standing gramophone with its big old horn all painted gold and white, while nearby the calliope steamed and hooted and the performers worked out winter's kinks in the welcome sun that streamed down on the Ca' d'Zan and on the open acres of the Winter Quarters to the west with equal warmth.

—HORACE SUTTON.

ASCAP vs. BMI-II

Continued from page 10

casting station is competing fiercely with other jockeys and stations to win audience. Any attempt on the part of BMI to influence either the 623 stations which are its stockholders or the 2,739 stations which are not its stockholders or to dictate to the thousands of persons who perform music would be so immediately apparent as to create a national scandal. BMI's stockholders do not, in point of fact, play a higher percentage of BMI music than non-stockholders. It is absurd on the face of it to think that any such conspiracy could exist.

In the absence of evidence of any conspiracy, Mr. Hammerstein refers to publicity material long ago issued by BMI. It would consume too much space to place these references into proper context or, indeed, to correct numerous other errors into which Mr. Hammerstein has fallen. Perhaps it will suffice to state that Mr. Hammerstein's instances date back to 1941 and 1944 respectively. Years later, in 1948, two separate Federal courts held ASCAP to be a monopoly in violation of the antitrust laws in two actions with which BMI had nothing to do, but in which the relative positions and practices of ASCAP and BMI were carefully evaluated.

Since BMI was formed, ASCAP's collections from broadcasters have risen from less than 5 million dollars to more than 20 million dollars, while revenues from other users of musical works have remained fairly static or have declined. Not only does BMI have far fewer performances than ASCAP, it collects far less money.

Mr. Hammerstein makes one of the points of his concern the fact that BMI licenses a substantial number of current hits. But it is clear that these hits result from the popular taste as proved by such direct indices of public approval as purchase of phonograph records and deposit of coins in juke boxes. Many of these songs come from the younger writers and publishers who cannot be compensated fully under ASCAP's system of distribution of payment.

There is, indeed, no evidence of conspiracy, actual or potential. Beyond this, however, Mr. Hammerstein is right in calling attention to the fact that a lawsuit, of which he is one of the most prominent financial supporters, raises all of the points mentioned by him. This suit is presently pending in the Federal Court. If there should prove to be any genuine issues involved, they will certainly be disposed of in the courtroom.

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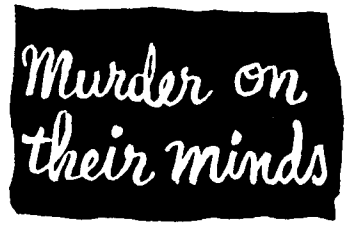

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Wilson

Continued from page 12

velops in these pages is generally laudatory, Link is hard on the President in a way that only a friendly critic is likely to be. Wilson's Presbyterian predestinarianism all too often made him think of himself as the chosen instrument of the Almighty, as well as of the Democratic Party. He had a way of knowing what was right when to most of mankind certainties were far from apparent. Maybe a little of this, too, has rubbed off on the author, for he undertakes, perhaps too often, to sit in judgment on Wilson's behavior, and to brand a given course of action as definitely right or wrong.

We shall hope that Mr. Link continues with his monumental biography. He is a better historian (although not a better writer) than Ray Stannard Baker, whose eight volumes have so far furnished us our most comprehensive study of Wilson; also, Link has the advantages of less personal involvement, longer perspective, and more complete sources. His Volume III, carrying the Wilson story into World War I, should be an important historical event.

BLUEPRINT FOR THE NEW FREEDOM: Historically the 1912 presidential campaign is significant both because it marked the Democrats' return to power and because it projected onto the national scene a remarkable new political personality. In unearthing, transcribing, and editing in **"A Crossroads of Freedom"** (Yale, $6) the long-lost shorthand notes of the extemporaneous speeches by which Woodrow Wilson wrought his minor miracle, John Wells Davidson has made it easier for us to visualize the magic that skyrocketed this onetime schoolteacher in two brief years to the top of the American political ladder.

Less theatrical than his immediate predecessor Bryan, Democratic standard-bearer Wilson speaks out here in plain but forceful words, and (surprisingly enough) with that instinctive flair for adjusting to his particular audience that marks the born politician. Concentrated against the tariff, the trusts, and the "special interests," Wilson's campaign philosophy bears many a resemblance to the New and Fair Deals of a later Democratic generation. —Samuel S. Stratton.

PARTY PLATFORMS: "The documents in this book do not exist as a single collection anywhere else in the world. They have been painstakingly brought together from many sources." So runs the publisher's claim for **"National Party Platforms 1840-1956,"** compiled by Kirk H. Porter and Donald Bruce Johnson (University of Illinois Press, $10). This volume, which brings up to date an earlier compilation published in 1924 by Professor Porter, is big and durable, well edited and attractive. It will doubtless find a welcome place on many a reference shelf. Beginning with the first true party platform, issued by the Democrats in 1840, it includes for the period covered authenticated copies of all the platforms of the major parties, and of the principal minor parties. Brief editorial paragraphs introduce the successive presidential campaigns and identify the political parties that participated in them. Had the editors chosen to include in these introductions some mention of the main issues of each campaign, which were often dodged in the platforms, they might have added, even at the risk of being repetitious or arbitrary in judgment, a useful feature for the general reader.

—Hal Bridges.

T.R. POTPOURRI: A melange of quotations by and about Theodore Roosevelt that "seeks to revitalize and to extend his influence" is offered in **"The Free Citizen,"** edited by Herman Hagedorn (Macmillan, $5.95). Its purpose is commendable, for Roosevelt in word and deed had much to say to his own and later American generations. But the execution fails to effect the purpose. According to no discernible organizing principle, without regard to context or chronology, the editor has strung together characteristic Rooseveltian homilies. He alternates between passages ordinarily composed of several sentences Roosevelt wrote at intervals of decades, and passages ordinarily composed by eulogists or anecdotalists who came to praise Caesar but, in this potpourri, seem pretty much to bury him.

The preaching is familiar. Redundant but vigorous, it commends, as preaching probably should, self-discipline, courage, patriotism, moderation, participation, righteousness; it attacks vapid ease, extremism, class conflict, selfishness, impracticality. It makes it perfectly clear that Roosevelt believed in decency and the Decalogue; it does not display his broad intellectual curiosity and virtuosity. The alternate passages that purport to give substance to the preaching are also familiar. Many are from Mr. Hagedorn's "Roosevelt Family of Sagamore Hill," from the prefaces to the National Edition of Roosevelt's work which Mr. Hagedorn edited, and from Roosevelt's "Autobiography." These selections by and large fail to show the sure hand that made the Colonel a masterful politician and chief executive. Indeed they often document irrelevant virtues. —John M. Blum.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN GUYS AND DOLLS

The Gilbert and Sullivan ladies and gentlemen on the roster below are all involved in affairs of the heart which usually (but not always) adhere to the boy-gets-girl sequence. Stephen Kopman of Boston, Massachusetts, asks you to link the appropriate lovers to the appropriate opera. Ladies first, please. Everything is straightened out on page 36.

1. Alexis	( )	"The Gondoliers"
2. Aline	( )	
3. Cusilda	( )	"H.M.S. Pinafore"
4. Elsie Maynard	( )	
5. Frederic	( )	"Iolanthe"
6. Hilarion	( )	
7. Ida	( )	"The Mikado"
8. Jack Point	( )	
9. Lady Jane	( )	"Patience"
10. Josephine	( )	
11. Luiz	( )	"The Pirates of Penzance"
12. Mabel	( )	
13. Nanki-Poo	( )	"Princess Ida"
14. Phyllis	( )	
15. Ralph Rackstraw	( )	"Ruddigore"
16. Reginald Bunthorne	( )	
17. Robin Oakapple	( )	"The Sorcerer"
18. Rose Maybud	( )	
19. Strephon	( )	"The Yeoman of the Guard"
20. Yum-Yum	( )	

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Ireland

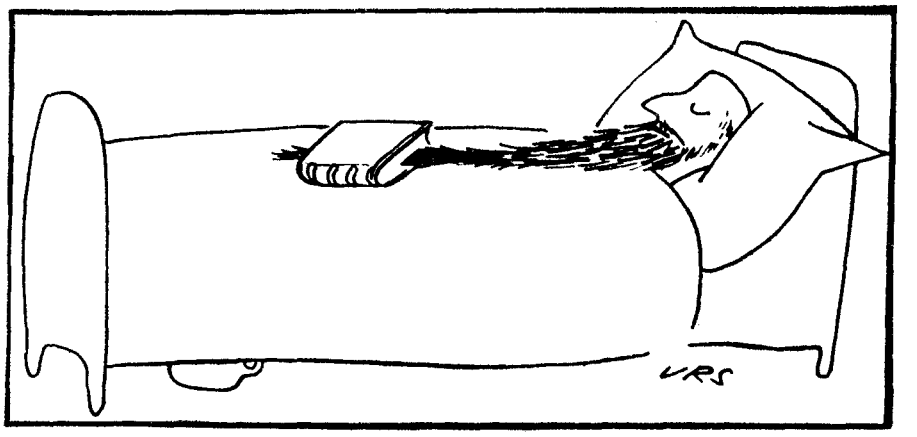
Continued from page 21

now out of fashion, even among English historians, and in free Ireland it is, of course, anathema. Unfortunately, we do not have a great deal with which to replace it, since David not only lost his country but most of his papers as well.

Instead, we are compelled to slant the story somewhat. "The truly Gaelic way of life," says Professor Chauvire, "was exclusively rural, and such is the true Gaelic tradition. There were no towns before the Viking invasion." But this, after all, is only a more delicate way of putting the English Protestant sneer that the Irish were uncivilized and the towns were built by Danes. Both ignore the lessons of economic history. Towns are not a matter of temperament but an offshoot of commerce and communication, and Irish life in the early Middle Ages had little need of either. By the twelfth century North and South Munster both had their capitals in cities, and their kings would have been astonished to learn that they were not "truly Gaelic."

One regrets even more David's loss of his documents when we come to deal with the astonishing story of the Norman Invasion. Once more we get the romantic tale of the faithless Dervorgilla, wife of O Ruairc of Brefny, carried off by the treacherous Diarmuid of Leinster, who invited the Normans in. It has been the inspiration of two great plays by Lady Gregory and Yeats, but it is not history. Professor Chauvire gives prominence to the extraordinary surrender of the whole Catholic Church in Ireland; he does not, I think, pay sufficient attention to the surrender of North and South Munster which were the bulwark of the twelfth-century Reformation in the Irish Church. Only Edmund Curtis, among historians, seems to have had a suspicion that the admission of the Normans was really the tragic sequel to that remarkable and inspiring movement.

Yet we still do not know who the Irish are or where they come from. They do not speak the same form of Celtic as British and Continental Celts. They may, as Professor Chauvire thinks, have come in the middle of the fourth century B.C. and taken the country from a small, dark-haired Mediterranean race called the Firbolgs. On the other hand, it may be, as O'Rahilly suggested, that the "Firbolgs" are simply the Belgae, that the invaders arrived much later, and that the population of Ireland at the time was similar in race and language to that of Britain and northern France. If one can assume that there was in Ireland in the early centuries of our era a submerged population speaking a dialect of Celtic similar to that of Britain and northern France, many things would be clear. And it would mean that at one time at least David did get his foot on the giant's neck.



EERIE DOINGS: If Irish ghosts would confine their eerie manifestations to Irish houses, the good folk of the four provinces might at least know peace on airy mountain and in rushy glen. But, as is eloquently demonstrated by word and brush in James Reynolds's **"More Ghosts in Irish Houses"** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $12.50), the unhappy disembodied haunt Ireland's roadways, even in God's own daylight. A demoniac fire-eyed stallion thunders over hill and dale, bearing his bloodied rider, killing or sulphur-singeing the luckless wayfarer. Fortunately for the readers of this handsome volume, artist-shanachie Reynolds sidestepped in time. And to counterbalance the satanic horrors of the sulphurous roan and kindred spine-chillers, he shows us the wraith of mettlesome Aggie the Post who soothes fretful babies and rescues shepherds in distress.

Indoors or outdoors, Gaelic ghosts bow to no others for ingenuity and weirdness, and it takes a born storyteller like Mr. Reynolds to give them their spectral due. As readers of "Ghosts in Irish Houses" already know, he invests his apparitions with the supernatural spirit of his native countryside and the Irishman's sense of identification with Eire's somber history. Out of the savage baronial feuds of seven centuries ago strides legendary Duirmuid of the Sorrows, dolefully fingering his insubstantial garrote. Since Columbus's era, the woman pirate called "the Black Abbess" has been awesomely mourning her drowned lover, the murderous Nevin O'Neill. At the other end of the ghostly spectrum we hear the poltergeist chuckle of old Loney Brannoch who, until her death in 1944, kept rewarding the compassion of Maeve Greatly.

Diverse indeed are the tragic discarnate who haunt the Irish scene. That dazzler among fashionable Edwardians, Mrs. Oranmore, still grieves for a love betrayed and a beauty vanished. Ethereal Lira, the Irish Undine, revisits the sea-washed chateau where she reigned as Mrs. Morony. In gray Garron Tower a pair of slender tea-rose slippers dances through the rose-scented night, forever evoking the gory death of Lady Constantia at the hands of her jealous uncle. And—to a reviewer of Tyrone ancestry, a matter of inverted pride—there is the most Gothic shocker of the whole ghostly panorama, Tyrone's Sorceress of the Red Death, vampire in lust and a Circe who ghoulishly anticipated one M. Spillane's incarnadined wooings.

—Ann F. Wolfe.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 714

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 714 will be found in the next issue.

MYL CRHCFCHBDP CK

DPVDOK TCKMDQLR.

LTLNKXR

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 713

Man became free when he recognized he was subject to law.
—Will Durant.

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DON'T MISS
The Saturday Review—March 16
SPRING TRAVEL FEATURE

Words, Words, Words

Continued from page 22

planation, *jejune* is infrequently seen in its correct sense of "deficient in nourishing or substantial qualities, as food or soil; fig., unsatisfying to the mind (as *jejune* discourses, writings, or speculations); without substance, pith, or sold merit; poor; bald; ineffective." But the fact that a piece of writing, for example, may be both juvenile and jejune sometimes leaves a reader in doubt as to whether or not a writer has used *jejune* correctly.

When we come to *flair* we come to a noun that is being made to serve as a word-of-all-work. We read that an action is performed with a flair, meaning with a flourish; that a dress is worn with a flair, meaning with a sense of style; that someone has a flair for bridge, meaning that he has a talent for it; or that someone else has a flair for sun-bathing, meaning a liking for it; etc., etc. But seldom do we read, correctly, of someone who has a flair for valuable antiques, or for artists with a future, or for stocks that will rise—meaning, of course, that the someone has a nose for these things, or can smell them out.

The last word on our list, *viable*, is threatening to become as fashionable among intellectuals and their camp-followers as are *ambivalent* and *dichotomy*. But many of the writers who dearly love it need to be informed that it is not a synonym of *usable* or of *practicable*. What it does mean is "capable of sustaining life," or "able to live in a particular climate or environment," or "able to germinate." A fetus, for example, becomes viable as soon as it is capable of living outside its mother's womb. And—to compose another example of correct usage—there were those who doubted that the infant state of Israel would prove viable when it was set down in the midst of an Arab world.

We have come to the end of a list of words that could be considerably extended. But perhaps this futile protest against the impoverishment of the English language, through erosion of meaning, should not end without a brief, monitory postscript. *Numinous*—another word that is coming into fashion—may look like an adjective, but it isn't one. It's a noun. *Caveat scriptor.* —BEN RAY REDMAN.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 3, 11, 10, 15, 14, 19, 20, 13, 9, 16, 12, 5, 7, 6, 18, 17, 2, 1, 4, 8.

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(Continued on page 38)

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(Continued from page 37)

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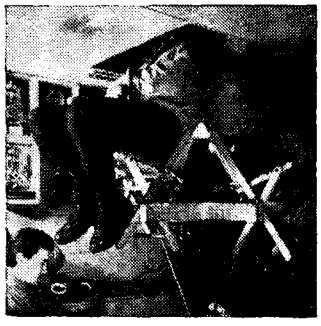

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SCIENCE & HUMANITY

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • The Research Frontier • Personality Portrait XII • Letter from a Hungarian • Science in Books

ARTICLE: Miners of the Sky

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

- *ANTARCTIC HEADHUNT*
- *A SPARE HEART*
- *DOG-EARED RABBITS*

WHERE are the heads that belong to the bodies so awkwardly perched on the camp-chairs hanging in our masthead photograph? We raise the question for the benefit of those people who have been telling us how unhappy they are not to be able to participate in that romantic adventure—the exploration of Antarctica. Our purpose is to remind that adventure seldom is free of drudgery. The cramped and probably aching gentlemen above are watching meteors from a hut built beneath the snow. Their heads protrude into a rectangular observation dome that juts above the ice.

We borrowed the picture from the Poulter Report (named for Dr. Thomas C. Poulter, who went to the South Polar ice with Admiral Richard Byrd in the 1933-35 expedition) of the Stanford Research Institute, and we publish herewith the scientific explanation for the predicament displayed:

> It was found that an observer could see more than twice as many meteors if observing from a comfortably heated observatory than he could if attempting to observe while dressed in furs and making the observations outside with the temperature forty below zero or colder.

As usually happens in science, the tedious watch paid off. Before it was begun, meteors entering earth's atmosphere were thought to number ten to twenty million a day. The number was actually found to be closer to a billion a day. At times they crossed the Antarctic sky at the rate of thirty-five per minute. Some of them were bright enough to cast shadows on the ice as they passed far overhead.

• • •

ARTIFICIAL hearts have come into fairly common use to keep patients alive during delicate operations which require the stoppage of the heart itself. Last week professional science writers traveling as guests of the New York Heart Association saw experimental apparatus which it is hoped will lead to broader application of these fascinating machines.

At Kings County Hospital in Brooklyn, a special surgery room has been set aside. Standing ready is a device designed by Dr. Clarence Dennis, chief of the department of surgery of the State University of New York. Like other machines of its kind, it supplies oxygen in lieu of lungs and pumps blood to substitute for the heartbeat.

Into this emergency room will be brought patients threatened with immediate death from acute heart attacks. Admission will be open only to those who have had at least one previous attack and have been left with a weak spot in the heart muscle, technically known as a myocardial infarction. When the second attack comes, a larger part of the heart is affected and patients usually die.

In these cases the heart will not be stopped. But Dr. Dennis's machine will be hooked up, with one tube inserted in an arm artery and another in a leg vein. Blood from the vein will be infused with oxygen in the machine, then returned to the arm artery, altogether accounting for about one-third of the heart's pumping work. When the crisis is past—perhaps six or eight hours later—the patient's own heart will be better able to resume its normal load.

At another stop on the heart tour, the science writers learned of an accident that may prove very important to medicine. An enzyme from green papaya was being fed to rabbits in a study of the body's defenses against infection. The ears of the rabbits unexpectedly flopped like the ears of spaniels. That caused Dr. Lewis Thomas, of New York University-Bellevue Medical School to investigate further, and he found that the enzyme dissolves cartilage not only in ears but in joints, windpipe, and elsewhere.

• • •

DR. ROBERT H. Wentorf, Jr., a physical chemist in the General Electric Research Laboratory at Schenectady, N. Y., has discovered how to make an element that never existed before. It is the cubic form of boron nitride, and is as hard as diamond. More important, it withstands heat that would melt a diamond.

• • •

THE real extent of scientific influence in the life of the United States is only now being brought out in survey reports published by the National Science Foundation. Though the latest of these deals with facts and figures two and three years old, it is still something of a shock to learn that numbers of men and amounts of money employed in scientific research within industry "is far above the top figure suggested by the most comprehensive previous

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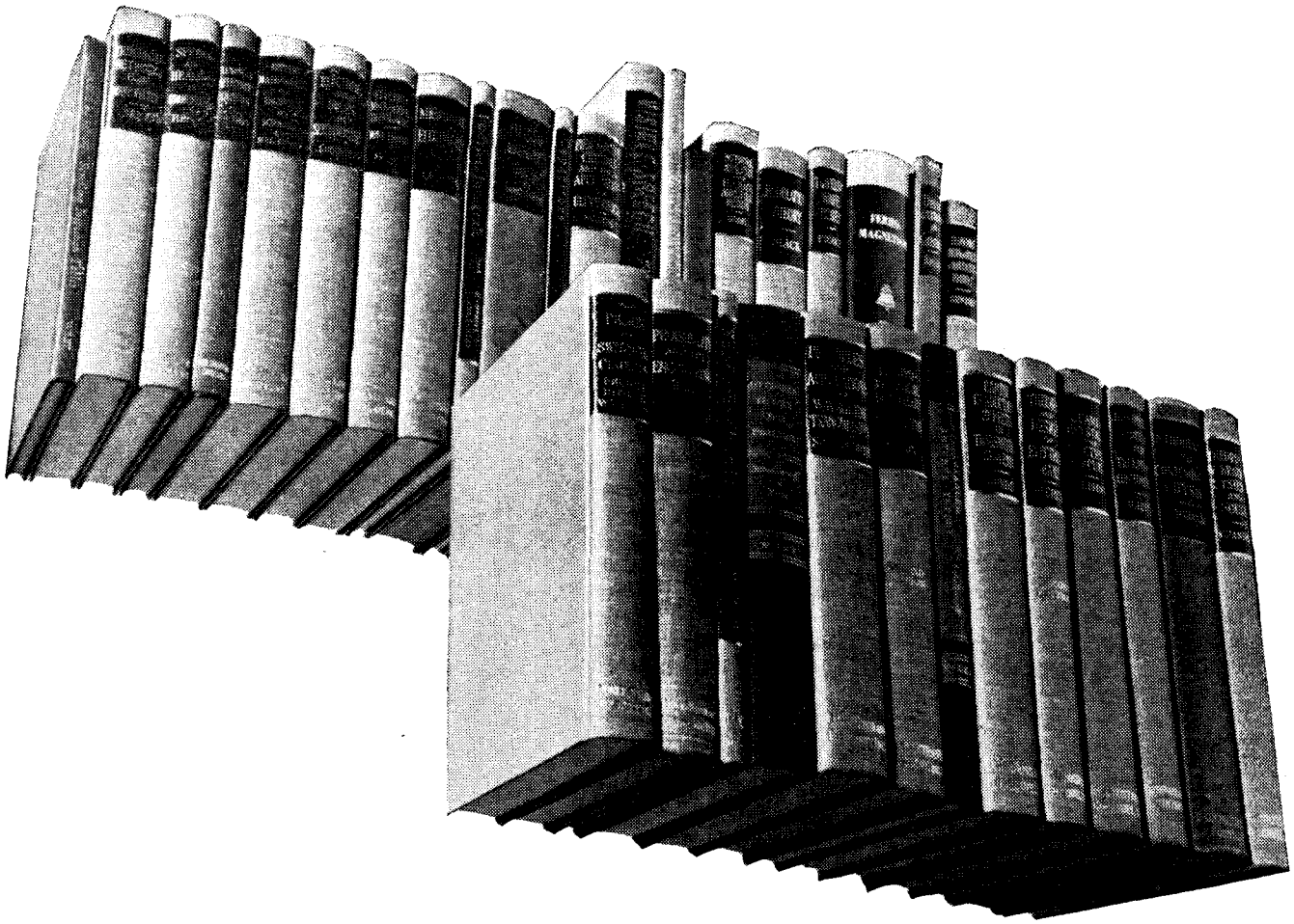

How the scientific world shares in fruits of the telephone art

In their work to improve telephony the scientists and engineers of Bell Telephone Laboratories make important findings in many sciences. They thoroughly report these findings in professional journals and magazines. But sometimes, as knowledge accumulates in a vital field, a "treatment in depth" is prepared in book form.

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The pictures on the opposite page show some Bell Laboratories authors of technical books. A complete listing of titles may be obtained by sending in this coupon.

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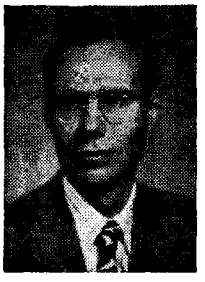
Harold S. Black, B.S. in E.E., Worcester Polytechnic Inst., author of "Modulation Theory."



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Walter A. Shewhart, Ph.D., University of California, author of "Economic Control of Quality of Manufactured Product."

data." Small companies were assumed to be scientifically backward and were consequently passed over in past studies; today the small enterprises turn out to be the great majority of firms participating in scientific research.

Slightly more than 15,500 companies were involved in research in 1953, the year covered by the latest NSF survey. The size breakdown in general followed the pattern of manufacturing concerns, which was this:

total of firms in research	14,000
firms employing 8-99 workers	8,500
firms employing 100-499 workers	3,300
firms employing 5,000 or more workers	314

During that year 1953, the 15,500 companies spent $3.7 billion, $2.3 billion of it on their own private projects and the other $1.4 billion on Government contracts (while the Government itself was spending $1.3 billion in Government laboratories and universities). This was almost double the private industrial research expenditure of 1951 ($2 billion); although the trend they set would most probably not be uniform, 100 companies included in both the 1951 and 1953 surveys reported a 44 per cent increase in research spending in the two-year period.

The *number* of small companies engaged in scientific research came as a surprise, but they do not outweigh the big companies *proportionately*. Indeed, only 8 per cent of all firms employing 8-to-99 workers have research budgets, whereas 95 per cent of all companies with payrolls listing 5,000 or more names are committed to research.

The cost of maintaining one scientist on the job averaged out to $27,000 in 1953 (it was $23,000 in 1951), with half that amount budgeted to land and buildings and the other half to equipment. The whole bill for industrial research scientists adds to 1.7 per cent of total sales.

Why research is worth that sum, or even *if* it is worth it, the surveyed companies had no objective method of deciding. Reasons given for research were almost entirely subjective, and frequently boiled down to one cliche: keeping up with the corporate Joneses.

Only $150 million of industry's $3.7 billion expenditure on science was going into pure research in 1953. Paradoxically, many firms could already foresee roadblocks in their own future rising from lack of basic scientific knowledge in their chosen fields. Some realization of the contradiction appeared to be reflected in the growing numbers of physicists and mathematicians assigned to research payrolls.

One cheap toll-road out of the research dilemma might be opened through swifter communication of results of scientific experiments. Many executives of surveyed companies so expressed themselves. To engineer such a road the National Science Foundation, in cooperation with the National Academy and the American Documentation Institute, have called an international conference on scientific information. The conferees will meet in Washington early in November 1958.

• • •

THERE is a greenhouse in Kansas City, Missouri, which grows nothing but human irritation. College students go there to be provoked into tears. It is all very scientific, however, and someday may rid Los Angeles of its notorious smog.

This glass-paneled house belongs to the Midwest Research Institute. Into its clammy interior, motor exhaust is introduced from a 1952 station wagon. Hydrocarbons wafted by the fumes are subjected to sunlight, whose photochemical effects turn out to be responsible for the eye-blistering quality of the air. A two-minute exposure to the stuff is enough to turn husky experimental volunteers into steady weepers.

Thanks to what the greenhouse has revealed, the Automobile Manufacturers Association is now working on a carburetor cutoff which is expected to cut exhaust emission of hydrocarbons in half.

• • •

THE time may come when a policeman will clear up a motor traffic jam merely by making a telephone call. At least that hope has been raised in optimistic breasts by an experiment now being tried in the city of Rochester, New York. Participants are the business firm of Stromberg-Carlson, subsidiary of General Dynamics Corporation, and the Rochester Transit Corporation, which runs the city's buses.

Beginning on May 1, a two-way radio telephone system which Stromberg-Carlson has developed will be installed in the main bus station and in twenty-five buses for a ninety-day trial. If the trial succeeds, every one of Rochester's 300 buses will have its own telephone before the end of 1957. And other cities very likely will be trying to get onto the line.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

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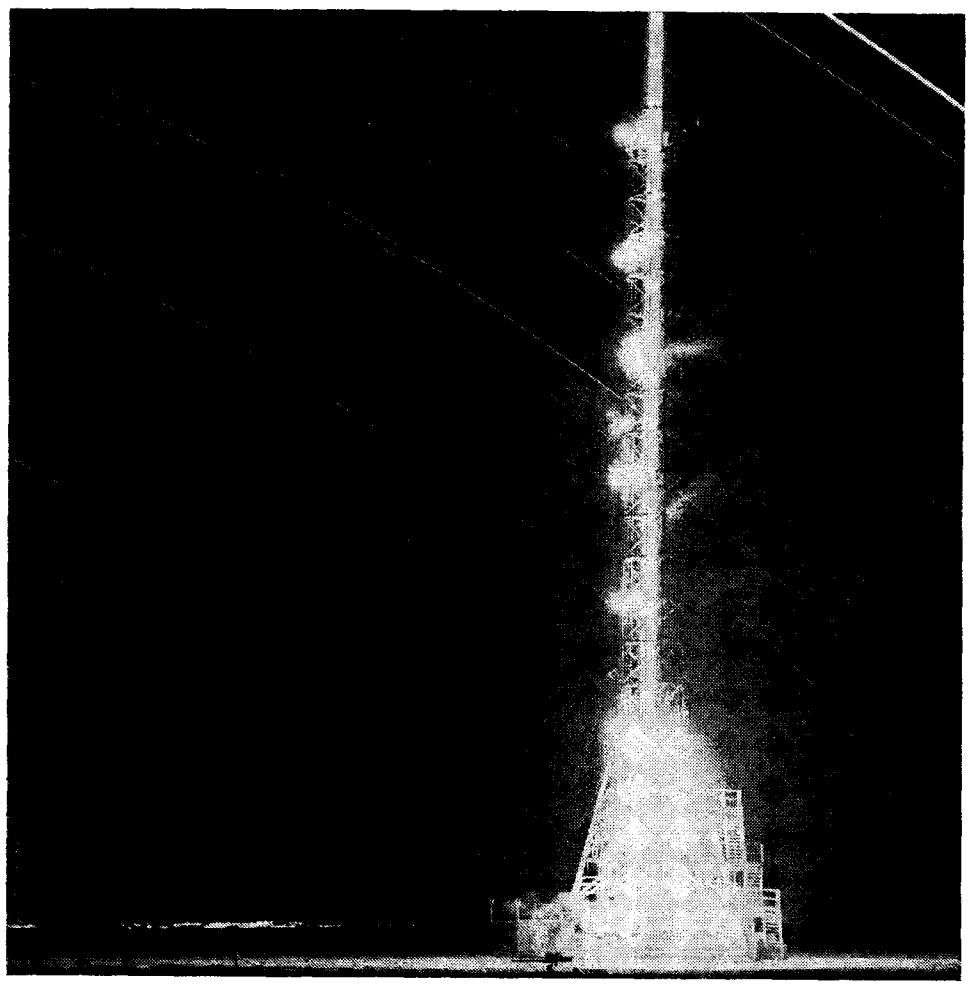
MINERS OF THE SKY



—*Official USAF Photo.*

Sky mining shaft is marked off by light of rising rocket's fuse. Angled streaks are paths of stars.

By JOHN LEAR

SUNSPOT, NEW MEXICO.

THE LIGHT appeared above the desert floor five minutes and a fraction of a second after 1 o'clock on the morning of Saturday, February 2. From this snow-dusted 9,000-foot peak in the Sacramento Mountains, I saw it hanging like an enormous lantern, low in the midnight sky.

At first it seemed utterly still. Then, almost imperceptibly, it rose as though it were being drawn aloft by the hand of a patient giant. Probing the dark with amber shafts as broad as the unrimmed spokes of a stilled wheel, it dimmed the brightest constellations to insignificant twinkles.

As it climbed it dwindled and reddened. Up, up, straight up. Tinier, redder, dull at last as a dying coal. Blip! Along the path of its disappearance into the zenith, the sky once again was adazzle with stars.

I had witnessed the passage of an awesome miner's lamp sent into the heavens by man in one of his first attempts to find and tap invisible lodes between the earth and the sun.

Having kept fire alive as his servant for centuries by collecting fallen sticks, chopping down trees, digging peat from bogs, invading the earth beneath his feet for coal and oil and uranium, the human explorer now is turning his eyes overhead and reaching into the air for the fuel of the future.

That power can be extracted directly from sunlight has already been demonstrated by Bell Telephone Laboratories' solar battery and by solar furnaces that are being built of mirrors in homes and public buildings of the Southwest. But only a small fraction of the available energy is being captured by these devices. Here at the Sacramento Peak Observatory, solar astronomer John W. Evans shows his visitors motion pictures of the sun's corona, taken by the green light of iron atoms whose temperature he esti-

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mates must be somewhere between 1,000,000 and 2,000,000 degrees on the absolute (K) thermometer scale. Since hydrogen explodes in volcano-like flares on the sun's face at only 10,000 to 30,000 degrees, he assumes that vast electromagnetic forces in the corona are pulsing at incredible speeds in all directions—including earth's.

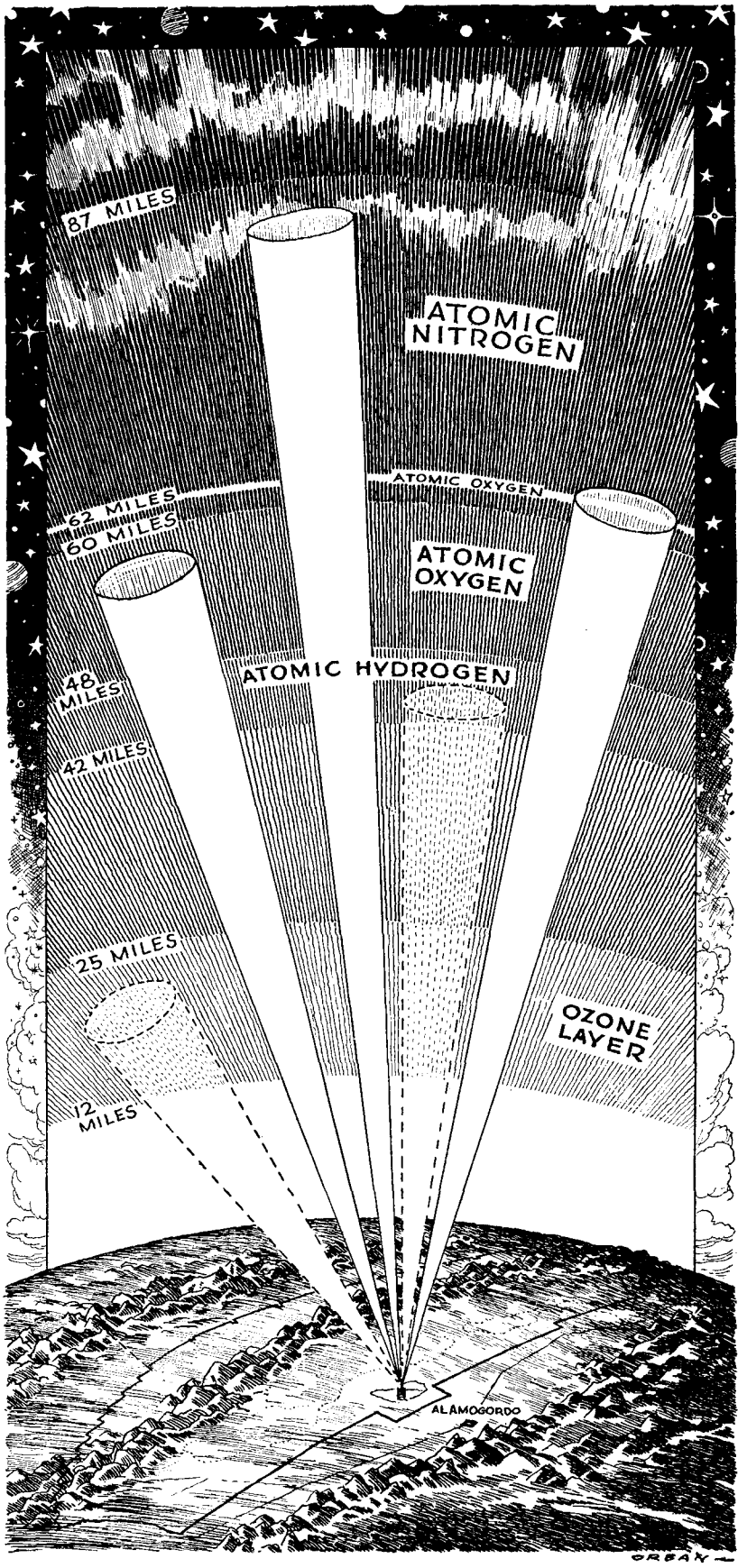
Scientists have long supposed that most of the original solar power is trapped at different levels of the sky just as oil is pooled in subterranean domes where the stratification of earth takes particular shape. There is, for example, the ozone layer, where three-atomed molecules of oxygen are heavily concentrated twelve to twenty-five miles above us. Ultraviolet light too violent for us to survive is caught there, and this energy is somehow stored for appreciable periods of time. Higher up, molecules of various constituent elements of the atmosphere are split into atoms by the sun's shafts, and each free atom carries with it a certain amount of photochemical charge.

What looked from this mountaintop to be a slowly ascending lantern was actually the fulminating fuse of a rocket cutting upward through the air at several times the speed of sound. Its purpose was to drill an exploratory shaft in search of nitrogen atoms.

At the surface of the earth, and more or less uniformly to the sixty-mile height within which 99.99 per cent of the atmosphere is contained, nitrogen makes up approximately 79 per cent of the air (compared to roughly 19.5 per cent oxygen and minute amounts of argon, helium, carbon dioxide and water vapor). Nitrogen is a constituent of all the amino acids from which life is built, a component of all the proteins in animal muscle, a base for the best fertilizers on which green plants thrive. Without nitrogen, the human being would be an impossibility.

So far as our daily comfort is concerned, then, it is reassuring for nitrogen to be a very stable element, so stable that it is almost inert. It cannot be set afire. It cannot be used to poison living things. The atoms in its molecules can be torn apart from each other in the laboratory only by ultraviolet light carrying 9.764 electron volts of energy—almost double the power needed to split the atoms in a molecule of oxygen.

But these very characteristics make discovery of nitrogen atoms a tedious undertaking. They have never been observed in the air we breathe. Since sunlight in the upper air is known to include rays far more powerful than 9.764 electron volts, it has been assumed that nitrogen atoms are loose high in the sky. Signs of their pres-



Above is an artist's conception of the sky mine in New Mexico. "Borings" actually made by rockets are represented by the solid-lined cones. The dotted lines mark explorations which, on the basis of present knowledge, seem feasible for future.

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ence have been detected in the light of the aurora, whose dancing curtains of many colors hang anywhere from 600 miles up to sixty miles down in the atmosphere near the North and South Poles. But there has never been confirmation which a majority of scientists are willing to accept as conclusive.

THE Aerobee rocket whose launching I have described was fired for the purpose of obtaining the missing proof. It took off from the desert rocket range of the Holloman Air Force Research Center. The scientific aspects of the enterprise were in charge of Dr. Murray Zelikoff, photochemistry lab chief of the Geophysics Research Directorate at the Cambridge Air Force Research Center in Massachusetts.

Globular bottles of woven piano wire and glass fiber were nestled in the rocket's nose and then filled with ethylene gas, an oil well waste that has been turned to valuable use as an anesthetic and refrigerant. In the test tube, ethylene reacts with free nitrogen atoms in an unmistakable way, giving off light in distinctive shades of red and blue. Consequently, it was logical to believe that if ethylene were released in air where nitrogen atoms were present, a reddish blue light would appear.

Each of the two glass bottles of gas was stoppered by a valve that could be opened by a time clock. The valve on the first bottle was timed to turn when the rocket reached an altitude of sixty miles, the lowest hem of the aurora. The valve on the second bottle was timed to open at eighty-seven miles, the approximate height where virtually all oxygen molecules are broken apart into atoms and where the atoms of nitrogen might consequently be expected to begin to dissociate.

According to theories worked out by Jerome Pressman, a physicist-mathematician on Dr. Zelikoff's staff, the probability of many nitrogen atoms at sixty miles was low. Most likely there would be merely enough to cause a light. But at eighty-seven miles there was hope of finding enough of them to burn the ethylene with the brightness of a second magnitude star.

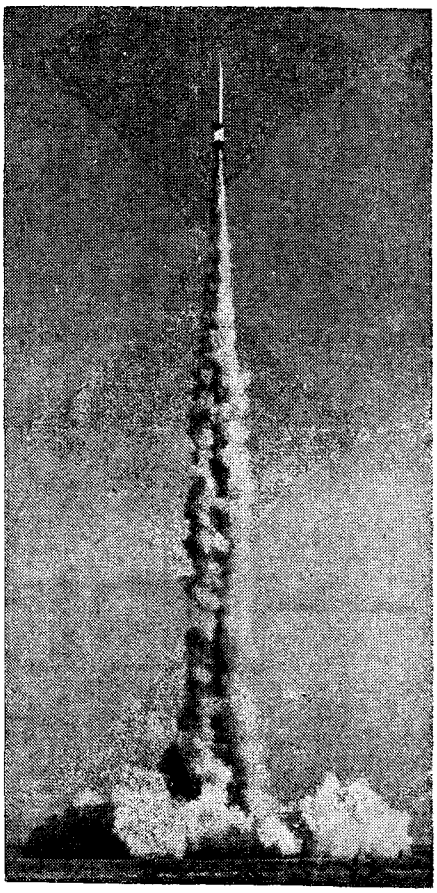
After watching the astonishing brilliance of the lantern effect until the rocket burned out in the midnight blackness, my eyes were not sufficiently acclimated to see what happened when the majestic light blipped into extinguishment. Astronomers around me and on Mayhill's Top across the valley saw, however, the momentary flitting of two strange wraiths near the faint star cluster Praesepe. I had to content myself with munching sandwiches left from a party the women on Sacramento Peak held earlier that Friday night—munching and waiting until 3 a.m., when negatives were developed from films in keen-eyed, wide-lensed, fast-winking meteor cameras. On those negatives I finally saw the ghostly lights the astronomers had seen. The upper light was recorded as a thin gray blob spanning two degrees of sky. It was not of the second magnitude of brightness, but of the fourth, just about the dimmest patch of diffused light an earthling could readily detect at such a distance. Had I been privileged to stand ninety miles further aloft than I was when the illusion of the rising lantern enthralled me, I would have missed the rocket's take-off glow but would have been blinded by the sudden precipitation in the sky about me of a scintillating cloud probably two-and-a-half miles across.

That shimmering cloud lasted only fifteen seconds or less. But the fact that there was a cloud at all is almost certain evidence that the nitrogen atoms are available and can be tapped for energy if we go high enough to find them.

How rich the nitrogen lode is, and what use can be made of it, are fantastic engineering problems for the fantastic future that lies ahead of us. We can afford to wait for their solution because oxygen atoms are plentiful and earlier rocket explorations leave no doubt at all that the energy stored in the oxygen can be released at will.

The idea behind sky mining was first expounded in 1950 by Dr. David R. Bates, professor of applied mathematics at Queens University in Dublin, Ireland. An Hawaiian scientist, Dr. K. Watanabe, worked out theoretical support for it in 1952, and his imaginative approach in turn inspired others around him at the Geophysics Research Directorate of the Air Force. One of those who worked with him was Dr. Zelikoff.

AF Capt. James Hurst (left), rocket boss.



The automatic miner in action in daylight.

It was almost exactly a year ago—on March 15, 1956—that Dr. Zelikoff and his laboratory crew (Jerome Pressman, Dr. Frederick Marmo, Dr. Edward Manring, Dr. John Bedinger, Leonard Aschenbrand, Adolph Jursa, Frank Le Blanc) struck unmistakable sky paydirt for the first time. They staked a claim around the scientific fact that there is light in the sky at night even when there is no moon. The story of their search for the cause of "the air glow" was one of the first reports published by SR/RESEARCH (April 21, 1956). But at that time the practical significance of the experiment was only dimly hinted.

BEGINNING with the postulation that "the air glow" was a delayed effect of sunlight, they first accumulated laboratory evidence that the daytime sun's rays struck oxygen molecules in the upper atmosphere with such enormous force that the two atoms of each molecule were driven apart. The strength of the blow caused a transfer of molecular energy, each of the separated atoms carrying along with it a share of the charge from the sun. When nitric oxide (its molecule has an atom of oxygen and an atom of nitrogen) was admitted to the presence of these lonely oxygen atoms, the oxygen joined it and formed nitrogen dioxide, freeing the solar energy from

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the atoms again in the form of light.

By sending a rocket loaded with nitric oxide to a height of sixty-two miles and releasing the gas at that point, the Cambridge scientists proved that energy is indeed stored in atomic oxygen at that level of the sky. In fact, eighteen and a half pounds of the gas released more than 100 horsepower.

That was as exciting in its way as a runaway oil well once was in Texas. And last fall still another rocket went drilling up to determine where the oxygen atoms were thickest. This time the probing chemical was sodium, which burns with a spectacular yellow light in the presence of oxygen. The sodium was emptied into the air continuously from a height of thirty miles onward. No light appeared until the rocket was forty-two miles above the desert. At forty-five miles the glow brightened. Between forty-five and forty-eight miles the burning continued for ten seconds before dying out. From forty-eight to fifty-seven miles there was intense light, which lasted for a minute and a half. At fifty-seven miles, the glow dimmed and was extinguished at sixty miles.

By that time, the art of sky mining was considered sufficiently advanced to plan a vehicle that could fly at an altitude of fifty to sixty miles, using oxygen atoms for fuel. Working principles were sketched on the basis of one simple, decisive fact: Oxygen atoms are naturally attracted to any surface. Men who think this atomic flying machine is eminently practical smile at the notion of capturing the energy freed by oxygen atoms in the upper air and conveying them to earth for use as power. But transmission of electricity over hundreds of miles of earth's surface was also considered impossible not very long ago, and if the first oil well drillers had been told that pipelines someday would carry their black gold across a continent, they would have laughed out loud.

Sky mining is, of course, in its infancy. There are at least two obvious veins of theoretically great promise that have not even been touched yet. One is the ozone layer between twelve and twenty-five miles up. The other lies between forty-two and forty-eight miles, where the breakup of water vapor should produce free hydrogen atoms along with hydroxyls, the so-called "radical" combinations of hydrogen and oxygen.

Balloons can and undoubtedly will be used by prospecting parties of the future. But due to its greater range, the rocket will almost certainly be the preferred instrument. Since its possibilities in exploration are so vital to man's advancing conquest of his environment—not only in using the sky's energy for fuel but in controlling weather and creating layers of ionization to deflect TV communication over the horizon—a recitation of my own experience leading up to the rocket launch of February 2 may help to convey a better understanding of this new science.

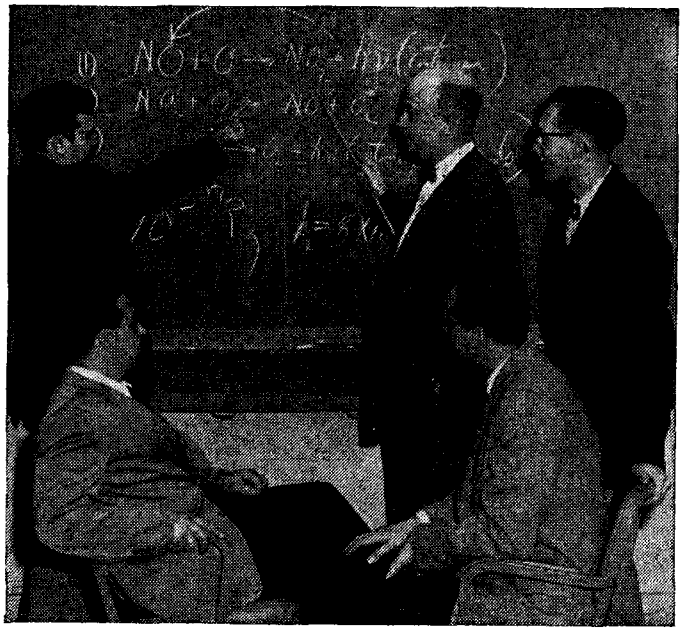
AN UTTERLY false sense of the present state of rocketry has been spread abroad by the announcement that sometime during the International Geophysical Year (July 1, 1957-December 31, 1958) scientists representing the United States will place an artificial moon in an orbit 300-to-1,000 miles out in space. It is commonly supposed that the major problems involved in this enterprise must have been solved before the announcement, that the remaining details are mere quirks of engineering, and that this new-fangled firework will be up there racing around us on the night of next Fourth of July. What is almost entirely overlooked is that the scientists assigned to the job have persistently refused to promise anything prior to the final minute of the twenty-fourth hour of the last day of *next year.*

It is not necessary to doubt the ultimate success of the earth satellite in order to point out that the rocket vehicle for it is a three-stage buggy. Today's rockets are two-stagers. The most reliable of them for scientific purposes is the Aerobee, custom-made by Aerojet in California. Roughly three out of four Aerobees reach the intended altitude, instruments in two of those three accurately record the information they are sent for, and one of the two completes a perfect performance. This is no derogation of the Aerobee. It is merely a matter of limited experience.

Aerobees are fired principally from two rocket ranges in the United States: Patrick Air Force Base on Cape Canaveral in Florida, and Holloman's desert sands here in New Mexico. Cape Canaveral offers the advantage of over water firing, and the disadvantage of difficult recovery of parachuted instruments. Holloman gets most of the instruments back, but is a safety engineer's nightmare.

The towns of Alamogordo (ten miles to the east), Las Cruces (sixty miles to the west) and El Paso (ninety miles to the south) could all become reluctant hosts to a sky truant if the wind and trajectory were right. Holloman takes no chances. Every launching must be plotted within the confines of a column of air corresponding to the 128x38 mile rectangle corraled on the ground by the San Andres and Sacramento Mountains. Every rocket is required to carry within it at least one high explosive charge, and if its radar track passes beyond the established limits of air space, a radio signal blasts the offending vehicle to bits in midsky.

Wind, then, is a constant hazard of prospecting the upper atmosphere. One instrumented Aerobee costs in the neighborhood of $100,000, and scientists cannot afford to have that investment exploded without promise of return. Where chemi-luminescence (creation of light by a chemical reaction) is involved, there is also a



Dr. Murray Zelikoff (baton) with aides (left to right) Jerome Pressman, Dr. Frederick Marmo, Adolph Jursa, and Leonard Aschenbrand. Missing: Dr. Edward Manring, Frank LeBlance, and John Downing.

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The Pilot Is Not for Burning

IN MINING the sky for energy, prospectors of the upper atmosphere are also tapping new stores of knowledge. The free atoms they seek exist naturally only at temperatures destructive to human life. These temperatures, however, happen to be the very temperatures through which man intends to fly in the decade now beginning. There is no way to escape them as long as man persists in traveling progressively faster than sound. Rather than risk incineration on his journeys, then, man must understand how such unearthly heat is generated and what he can do to contain it for his own protection.

"Above ten times the speed of sound, at which . . . even man-carrying hypersonic (any speed greater than five times the speed of sound) gliders may fly, our understanding . . . respecting aerolynamic heating . . . is still imperfect, to say the least," Walter Bonney, press spokesman for the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, told *SR*'s Science Editor during the 1956 official inspection of Langley Aeronautical Laboratory in Virginia.

"In essence, aerodynamic heating is the conversion into heat energy of the kinetic energy of the air through which the airplane is flying. This conversion takes place in the area of the shock wave (set moving in the air by an advancing object) and in the boundary layer (of air immediately surrounding the plane) where the air velocity is slowed as it approaches the (plane's) body. The temperature increases as the square of the velocity. At a Mach number of 3 (Mach number 1 is the speed of sound), about 2,000 miles per hour at altitude, the temperature would be about 660 degrees Fahrenheit. At a Mach number of 20, about 13,000 mph, the temperature would be above 20,000 degrees F, far hotter than the surface temperature of the sun.

"The heat energy which is generated by high speed flight first appears in the boundary layer surrounding the surface of the aircraft. Then it is transferred through the boundary layer into the aircraft structure. At the same time that this heat energy is being absorbed, radiation is dissipating some of the heat. The desired goal, of course, is to maintain a balance between heat input and outgo low enough so that the aircraft will not be destroyed.

"In conventional aerodynamics, the atmosphere is considered to be composed of stable molecules of the various elements in air. The molecules move about in three-dimensional space. But at the velocities where aerodynamic heating becomes a serious problem, the molecules in the air no longer behave in the orderly way postulated in the 'ideal gas' laws.

"At temperatures above 500 degrees F, the molecules begin to vibrate. At temperatures exceeding 5,000 degrees F, a part of the heat energy within the molecules is changed into chemical energy; some of the molecules dissociate or split apart into free atoms. New molecular combinations appear, notably nitric oxide. At even higher temperatures, approaching 20,000 degrees F, ionization or electronic excitation of the atoms and molecules occurs. In thermodynamic studies already made, some forty reactions have been noted and must be explained."

Whatever the sky miners learn about the dissociated atoms whose energy they are tapping is bound to be useful to the NACA, top research center for aviation in America, in its primary current goal: "Airplanes speedy enough to shrink the globe until any two points will be within a comfortable day's journey."

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menace in every cloud that flits the night sky.

I flew to Alamogordo from New York on a Friday, to be ready for the scheduled nitrogen hunt at 10 p.m., Mountain Standard Time, on the following Monday. When Monday came the sky was heavily overcast, so heavily that the rocket firing was cancelled at breakfast-time. On Tuesday, the overcast had lightened but by midafternoon it was plain we would cancel again. On Wednesday, the clouds were broken. There was a fifty-fifty chance. I jounced in a jeep with Dr. Zelikoff to the top of a nearby butte when the stars came out, and we listened to the countdown while we watched the drifting sky. At X minus five minutes the count was suspended for an hour and three quarters. At fifteen minutes to midnight, clouds still obscured the zenith, so we jounced down off the butte and gave up for the night. On Thursday the sky was clear as crystal. But the radar trackers who stand watch in the hills for every launching had stayed up so late the night before that safety control wouldn't allow us to ask them to do it again. By Friday, my hope being exhausted, I abandoned the concrete blockhouse behind the launching tower (the rockets are fired like bullets from a rifle) on the rocket range and drove twenty-odd miles to this observation point on Sacramento Peak. Here, from sunset onward, I could see bright stars wherever I looked. There seemed no conceivable reason why the rocket should not go up at last.

But this time the countdown did not reach X minus five minutes. It was suspended at X minus fifteen. An open phone line to the blockhouse below told us that high winds had set in suddenly from the southwest. We waited an hour and thirty-five minutes. At intervals the radio croaked. "Aerobee is holding at X minus fifteen minutes." Then, down beside the blockhouse, a tiny finger of light appeared. The launching tower had been lighted. Something had gone wrong. What? We grabbed the telephone and called down. The temperature of the air at the tower had dropped to thirty-seven degrees, and the ethylene gas on which the experiment depended would condense into liquid at forty-seven degrees if the bottles in the rocket's nose should cool to that critical point. While the wind was up, a hair dryer was lugged out and plugged in to keep the bottles warm.

Silence followed for a half hour. The finger of light blinked out. We knew then that the gas was still gas. New word came up on the telephone. The wind was falling. Weather balloons were soaring aloft to measure its strength and direction as fast as they could be filled.

Fifteen minutes went by. Three Oboe, a radio tracker, got the word on the radio from Five Oboe: "We're running short of time. Might as well put on your coat." Ten minutes more. Five Oboe to Three Oboe: "Better take your coat off."

FIFTEEN minutes after midnight, the countdown was resumed at X minus fifteen minutes. At X minus five minutes, the count was suspended again. The thick black hands of Ed Manring's clock crept round the dial. Eighteen minutes until one. "Winds are improving rapidly," the phone said. Ten minutes until one. "Our estimated impact point is still seventeen miles off range." One o'clock. "Aerobee is resuming at X minus five minutes," croaked the radio. In the blockhouse down on the desert floor, they were tilting the launching tower on its three hydraulic-powered legs to offset the wind. And they were continuing to tilt it at X minus ten seconds. In the blockhouse, at the control board, Fred Marmo sweated it out. Before he became a scientist, he had been a night-club entertainer. But he had never come so close to stage-fright as he did before he turned the key and pushed the firing button.

Me? I was so excited I dreamed that night of owning a nitrogen mine. I called it, Praesepe Placer.

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *Ordinarily this page is reserved for scientists' suggestions about basic research. But since the National Academy of Sciences' report on the biological effects of atomic radiation last June there has been so much concern about X-ray dangers that the Science Editor feels justified in giving this month's space exclusively to a private physician's proposal on applied atomic science.*

—Chase, Ltd.

DR. I. PHILLIPS FROHMAN

(Family Doctor, Washington, D. C.)

I ATTENDED a press conference (by invitation of the president) of the American College of Radiologists in New York City on Tuesday November 20 past. Nothing new was expounded. The only thing I believe they wished to get across was the fact that "there are 126,000 users of X-ray equipment in this country, with only about 4,000 qualified radiologists." This is a highly misleading expression since at once the science writer—if he delves no further into the matter—believes that there are 126,000 X-ray machines in the USA. The joker in the sentence is the word *users*. You at once realize that the super-trained radiologist cannot see and supervise at one time 30 to 40 patients waiting to have X-rays taken. Yet he may own and operate two or three X-ray machines—some hospitals have four or six such—and the qualified board-certified radiologist may be the total of ONE.

There are approximately 52,000 X-ray machines in this country. About 16,000 to 18,000 are owned and operated by the general practitioners, family doctors, and country doctors. These family doctors own excellent up-to-date machines, and are well read and trained in routine X-ray work. They rarely attempt to do gastrointestinal series, or other extensive work, sending this to the radiologist. Most of their X-ray work is in the field of fractures and chest X-rays. I speak with confidence on this point because I am a family doctor, a general physician, and have been doing my own X-ray work for 15 years. I was taught by the chief of X-ray at one of our largest hospitals, and had training in diseases of the chest where X-ray usage was as important to me as the scalpel was to our surgeon. My machine is checked regularly every six months. At this time I am having two physicists calibrate my machine so that my X-ray technician and I may know the exact amount of milliroentgen or roentgen exposure my patients receive with each individual X-ray taken. I wonder whether there is a radiologist in the country whose machine is so calibrated or who is even in the throes of thinking about this problem?

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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—XII

THE DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION FOR MOTORING

Dr. Fletcher Woodward Makes A Diagnosis on Road Safety

PROBLEMS that no one else can handle very often find their way to the office of the family doctor. Since he works them out happily more often than not, it is comforting to know that the runaway epidemic of death by motorcar is now in his competent hands.

That a drastic remedy is being concocted must be clear to anyone who reads the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. In a recent issue of that magazine, thirty-five of the leading pages were concerned exclusively with catechizing the physician on the role he must play in establishing the automobile driver's license as a privilege to be enjoyed only by responsible citizens.

"This is our Number 1 public-health problem," the *Journal* said editorially in that issue. "We are confronted with a massacre without precedent, without good reason. . . The limited physical and mental capacities needed to learn to drive are no measure of the ability to operate the vehicle safely and responsibly in modern traffic. . . . Individual physicians and medical societies should give . . . all the support possible . . . to bring . . . current medical knowledge regarding the physical and mental abilities and limitations of individuals (to bear) . . . to identify those who are safe drivers and to exclude from the highways those who would be a menace."

Given the conservative nature of their source, these are strong words indeed. From his leisurely southern drawl, his genteel manner, and the kindly moonlike beaming of his face, you would hardly suspect that the man who provoked them was Dr. Fletcher W. Woodward of Charlottesville, Virginia.

Dr. Woodward is one of those quiet people who likes to fish and shoot quail. He enjoys entertaining his friends. He finds simple pleasure in his private practice in the frailties of ear, nose, and throat to such an extent that although he is sixty-two, and was laid low by a heart attack seven years ago, he still keeps office hours. There is only one thing that really raises his blood pressure. That is human suffering. It was the hopeless fear he saw on the slashed and battered faces of motor crash victims that started his personal crusade for safe driving a decade ago.

Dr. Woodward is not a man to hog the credit for anything, no matter how proud he may be of his own part in the matter. He scrupulously points out that in the motor accident field he had a precursor: Dr. Claire Straith of Detroit. Dr. Straith is a plastic surgeon who has had the sad job of rebuilding many faces torn apart in automobile wrecks. Thirty years ago he got after the elder Walter Chrysler to reform the design of Chrysler cars.

To what he learned from Dr. Straith about possible safeguards for the motorist, Dr. Woodward added ideas that sprang from his own experience with highway emergency cases around Charlottesville and at the University of Virginia Hospital, where he was both an attending surgeon and professor of otolaryngology. He put them all together into his 1948 chairman's address before the Section of Laryngology, Rhinology, and Otology of the American Medical Association. The title was bold: "A Medical Criticism of Modern Automotive Engineering."

As chairman's addresses usually do, the speech got into print. Fellow doctors were quick to applaud. Journals in the United States, Canada, England, and New Zealand asked permission to reprint. Fan letters followed, and Dr. Woodward realized that he was expressing much more than his own personal concern—he was saying what thousands of people wanted to say.

Saying something and turning that something into action are two quite different things, he soon discovered. In spite of the general enthusiasm, it was not until November 1955 that the American Medical Association set up a Committee on the Medical Aspects of Automobile Crash Injuries and Deaths.

Since his appointment as that committee's chairman, the Woodward house of Locust Street in Charlottesville has seen considerably less of its owner than before. Dr. Woodward—often with Mrs. Woodward beside him (two of their children are married with homes of their own, and the third will be graduated from college this year)—tours the country now with a motion picture that teaches more than words can how vicious are the realities of crashes on the road.

Improvements in motorcar design are already beginning to emerge from the agitation, although the hazards of wraparound windshields, eye-tiring chrome, and projecting edges and gadgets remain. Seat belts are increasingly popular. The collapsible steering wheel is becoming a must. Gradually attention is focussing down on the worst of the trouble-makers, the car driver himself.

The Woodwards never feel alone on their crusade. The AMA is solidly behind them now. An organized campaign is on to form committees of doctors in every state to tighten driving laws. Pamphlets are being written to educate 1) the layman, 2) the motor licensing officials, 3) the doctors themselves in what is now accepted as a daily task of advising patients whether it is safe for them to drive.

What should the doctor say to the diabetic? The epileptic? The hard of hearing? The man with one eye? The otherwise healthy person who is momentarily following a prescribed regime of drugs?

If he was ever inclined to be diplomatic and duck the question, he can't duck now with a good conscience. In spirit at least, a fellow physician from Charlottesville—a gentleman from Virginia—is standing there whispering in his ear the words that Dr. Woodward wrote in the *AMA Journal*:

> When one car in twelve is involved in a serious crash each year, when speed is a factor in approximately one-third of our fatal accidents, when the drinking driver is involved in approximately one-fourth of our fatal accidents, when the automobile death rate as figured in man-years of life lost ranks next to our main killers — cardiovascular disease and cancer—it is indeed time to answer Cain's query and say, "Yes, I am my brother's keeper!"

—NAOMI WEBER.

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LETTER FROM A HUNGARIAN

Do We Really Need Scientists?

CAMP KILMER, N. J.

IT IS not polite for a guest to say unkind things about people whose shelter and hospitality he has enjoyed. And I am a guest of the people of the United States. They invited me here when life in my native Hungary became intolerable. I am thankful for their generosity and their kindness. I ask them to believe that in writing this letter I have nothing in my heart for them but admiration and regard. It is because there are so many of my countrymen who might be enjoying the exhilarating freedom I now enjoy that I speak at all.

I am a scientist. Like most scientists today, I am something of a specialist in my field. When I fled the rubbled streets of Budapest at the tragic end of the 1956 revolution there was no time to think of my career. Life and liberty were all that mattered then.

To my great astonishment, when I reached this doorway to America I found that other people had been thinking for me. Scattered around the grounds of this military camp, stuck here and there in the pre-spring mud between the yellow barracks, were signs printed in the Hungarian language. Agents of the National Academy of Sciences were waiting—the signs said—to interview and help anyone who had been to college and wanted to put his learning to good use.

I went to the place where the sign said to go. I talked to a pleasant young man, Mr. Edmund Rowan, who comes from the office of international affairs of the Academy. I know English fairly well, so we had no trouble understanding each other. There would have been no problem on that account anyhow, for he had an interpreter. On Mr. Rowan's advice, I filled out a paper describing my background. Then I was interviewed by a specialist in my own field of research. He evaluated my experience and recommended places where I might wish to continue my work in the United States. Mr. Rowan arranged a pass and transportation for me so that I might go to a few laboratories which were doing work of the sort I had done in Hungary. When I returned to Camp Kilmer he talked over my prospects with me until I felt I was ready to decide where I should go. And I now have a place in a laboratory which is doing exactly the kind of research for which I am trained.

So far as I am concerned, things could not be better. I did not expect as much. But from what happened to me I can see that the United States has a serious shortage of scientists. This is what I do not understand:

There are many scientists who came out of Hungary. They are in Europe now. They would be happy to continue their work in America. If they do not work in America, they will have to work somewhere else in order to live. Why does America not bring them here to help make up the shortage?

In Vienna there are scientists I know who left Hungary before the revolution. They cannot get visas to come here. There is something about a quota. Why is the quota different for one Hungarian and another Hungarian? All of us left in protest against Communist cruelty. Is it important to America's scientific future whether they left before or after the revolution?

Then there are Hungarian scientists in other countries than Austria. They went to those places because they were told they would be on the way to America. But now they cannot reach America. There is a quota. Why is a quota different for an Hungarian in one country and an Hungarian in another country?

The National Academy of Sciences has been doing a wonderful work at Camp Kilmer. Should it send someone to Vienna to look into the situation and write a report to the Department of State? I cannot sign my name to this letter because members of my family are still living in Hungary. My name would not be important to you even if I did sign it. But I can give you another name that both Hungary and America are proud of. That name is Dr. John von Neumann, the great mathematician who died a few weeks ago. Dr. von Neumann was a refugee from Hungary at an earlier and a different time. He died in America of cancer. To almost the last minute of his life he served the cause of freedom that America symbolizes. He rode to meetings of the Atomic Energy Commission in an ambulance, and sat at the table in a wheelchair.

Dr. von Neumann was much too modest to think of himself as an example of genius who turned his own exile to the advantage of his host and his science. But those who knew him cannot but remember him so.

—NAME WITHHELD.

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SCIENCE IN BOOKS

SCIENCE AND ETHICS: EQUAL PARTNERSHIP

Morality Cannot Be Built on the Gaps in Scientific Thinking

ETHICS would certainly be in a bad way—it would lose all its dignity—if it could maintain its authority and fulfil its particular function in no other way than by keeping a lookout for gaps in the scientific explanation of nature and taking shelter, so to speak, in these gaps. There it could lead a shadowy existence; ethical freedom would somehow be tolerated in the world but it could not exert any effect, any true power; it could not move anything outward. Yet for the problem of ethics everything depends on this outward influence. Moral freedom must not be limited in its meaning to a mere possibility, an empty potentiality; its meaning and significance consist in its actualization, in its constantly progressing self-realization. For this act of self-realization the merely negative concept of indeterminacy or indeterminability is inadequate; other positive forces, characteristic principles and grounds of determination, are required. These grounds are not to be found on the level of physical explanations of nature, whether those of classical physics or those of quantum mechanics; they cannot even be envisaged on this level. They demand in every case a shift to another realm. No physical indeterminism, however far it is pursued, can save us the transition that is here expected and demanded of us. The problem is not how to break through or in any way to lessen the force of strict laws of nature in the realm of empirical events. The problem is to discover and develop a new viewpoint, to set up a new standard which cannot be reduced to that of empirical causality but which on the other hand is in no sense in conflict with it. Ethics demands that human actions are to be capable of and accessible to a double judgment; they are to be determined as events in time, but their content and meaning is not to be exhausted by this determinism. The insight into the course of these actions, no matter how strictly these may be determined, should not blind us to the other yardstick with which we have to measure them—to the question of their *quid juris* their ethical value and dignity. This requirement of evaluation can never be grasped and justified in a merely negative way; it must be secured positively. We are not dealing here with an attempt to discover some exceptions to certain general rules; we are dealing with the far more serious and difficult problem of discovering a new rule, a new type of conformity to law, which is to underlie all action that we designate as moral action.

If the history of ethics is followed from its first beginnings, it can be seen that it has always been this basic problem that has occupied and deeply concerned all students of philosophical ethics. Philosophical, as contrasted with religious, systems of ethics are not satisfied with teaching morality; they aim to base morality on rational grounds. But in this attempt at supplying a rational basis, philosophical thought is immediately faced with two types of causes. In classical pregnancy and clarity this duality is described at one point in Plato's "Phaedo," which can justly be considered the true origin of philosophical ethics. What is the reason, Socrates asks in the "Phaedo," for my sitting here in prison, awaiting the execution of the death sentence, when I was at liberty to escape?

> Should I say first that I am now sitting here because my body is composed of bones and sinews, and the bones are hard and have joints which divide them and the sinews can be contracted and relaxed and, with the flesh and the skin which contains them all, are laid about the bones: and so, as the bones are hung loose in their ligaments, the sinews, by relaxing and contracting, make me able to bend my limbs now, and that is the cause of my sitting here with my legs bent? . . . (But this) should fail to mention the real causes, which are, that the Athenians decided that it was best to condemn me, and therefore I have decided that it was best to sit here and that it is right for me to stay and undergo whatever penalty they order. For, by Dog, I fancy these bones and sinews of mine would have been in Megara or Boeotia long ago, carried thither by an opinion of what was best, if I did not think it was better and nobler to endure any penalty the city may inflict rather than to escape and run away. . . . If any one were to say that I could not have done what I thought proper if I had not bones and sinews and other things that I have, he would be right. But to say that those things are the cause of what I do, and that I act with intelligence but not from the choice of what is best, would be an extremely careless way of talking. Whoever talks in that way is unable to make a distinction and to see that in reality a cause is one thing, and the thing without which the cause would never be a cause is quite another thing. And so it seems to me that most people, when they give the name of cause to the latter, are groping in the dark, as it were, and are giving it a name that does not belong to it.

WHAT from purely physical considerations, from the standpoint of pre-Socratic philosophy of nature, was commonly designated as a cause sinks for Socrates to the level of being merely the occasion or condition. And Plato intensified this distinction. The true ground of moral or free action cannot be found in the current physical situation, or in what immediately preceded the action in time. It demands a new direction of outlook, a new form of viewing things. That man acts freely who acts with regard to the world of Ideas; and a free subject is the one who is aware of these Ideas and in virtue of them can survey the whole realm of phenomena, of spatiotemporal appearances, and can recognize it in all its determinateness. Thus this type of freedom does not limit or declare invalid a single relation or a particular form of determination within the physical world—instead it aims to go beyond the totality of the physical world, which is to be ethically transcended.

—ERNST CASSIRER, *in "Determinism and Indeterminism in Modern Physics"* (Yale University Press, $5).

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1197

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Person devoted to luxury and pleasure (named for ancient Greek city of Italy).	158 165 80 159 15 75 127 170
B. Followed by Word H, portrait by Andrew Wyeth of his mother-in-law; poem we all memorized in early childhood, also.	99 120 187 72 133 154 70 149 164
C. Timid little conies of South Africa and SW Asia.	55 5 38 111 12 121 81
D. One ingredient of the Macbeth Witches' brew (3 wds.).	147 97 174 42 107 89 183 58 30
E. Designating a method of ornamenting linens by a kind of drawn work; adored.	112 110 182 56 44 65 7
F. A "lowdown" creature of popular song in the Twenties who had extraordinary cardiac equipment.	171 66 63 10 91 6 140
G. Consort of Hephaestus, acc'g to The Odyssey, attended by the Charites and Horae.	134 2 23 160 166 62 115 82 176
H. See Word B.	21 124 69 119 49 148 73 118
I. Efficient system of fire-fighting.	19 129 173 157 40 28 104 92 175
J. Capable of transmitting sound waves.	68 136 106 163 37 95 169 20 60 27 43
K. Russian painter in N.Y. who built a museum to house his collections (1874-1947).	48 57 185 18 155 87 137 109

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. Very small particle.	181 88 114 39
M. With minute scrutiny.	50 4 26 83 14 101 123 132
N. Ancient English silver coin, word retained in familiar place name in N Scotland.	33 188 59 77 180
O. Departing; failing of success (slang; 4 wds.).	102 64 86 146 178 46 131 100 128 162 90
P. Ancient Pharaoh defeated by Nebuchadnezzar, said by Herodotus to have sent an expedition around Africa, 600 B.C.	35 156 85 41 172 138
Q. Member of a suite or staff.	16 168 145 47 116 153 143
R. The "Prussian Knight" in freemasonry.	52 139 34 125 13 98 152 29
S. As Eliza said, "Not bloody likely."	45 94 179 103 161 25 51 8 3 189
T. Possessing accurate and well-disciplined learning, esp. in the liberal studies.	74 113 11 53 130 84 32 61 184
U. What Carlyle said "is not for any man, nor for any god"—but is popularly supposed to be the possession of one "Riley" (3 wds.).	17 117 36 93 31 67 126 141 151 71
V. Receive with assent or approval.	79 177 135 24 122 54
W. Author of "Manual of Ornithology of U.S. and Canada," 1832.	30 186 96 22 9 78 142
X. A sort of quoit (add an S and get talk!).	105 1 150 76 167 144

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

			1 X		2 G	3 S	4 M	5 C	6 F	7 E		8 S	9 W	10 F	11 T		12 C
13 R	14 M	15 A	16 Q	17 U	18 K	19 I		20 J	21 H		22 W	23 G	24 V		25 S	26 M	
27 J	28 I	29 R	30 W		31 U	32 T	33 N	34 R	35 P		36 U	37 J	38 C		39 L	40 I	
	41 P	42 D	43 J	44 E		45 S		46 O	47 Q	48 J		49 H	50 M		51 S	52 R	
53 T	54 V	55 C	56 E	57 K		58 D	59 N	60 J	61 T	62 G		63 F	64 O	65 E		66 F	
67 U		68 J	69 H	70 B	71 U		72 B	73 H	74 T	75 A	76 X	77 N	78 W		79 V	80 A	
81 C	82 G	83 M	84 T	85 P	86 O	87 K	88 L	89 D		90 O	91 F	92 I		93 U	94 S	95 J	
96 W	97 D		98 R	99 B	100 O		101 M	102 O	103 S	104 I	105 X		106 J	107 D		108 D	
109 K	110 E		111 C	112 E	113 T	114 L	115 G	116 Q		117 U	118 H		119 H	120 B	121 C		
122 V	123 M	124 H	125 R	126 U		127 A	128 O		129 I	130 T	131 O	132 M		133 B	134 G	135 V	
136 J		137 K	138 P	139 R	140 F	141 U	142 W	143 Q	144 X		145 Q	146 O	147 D		148 H	149 B	
150 X	151 U		152 R	153 Q	154 B	155 K	156 P		157 I	158 A		159 A	160 G	161 S	162 O	163 J	
164 B		165 A	166 G	167 X		168 Q	169 J	170 A		171 F	172 P	173 I	174 D		175 I	176 G	
177 V	178 O	179 S	180 N	181 L	182 E	183 D		184 T	185 K	186 W		187 B	188 N	189 S			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 5 of this issue.

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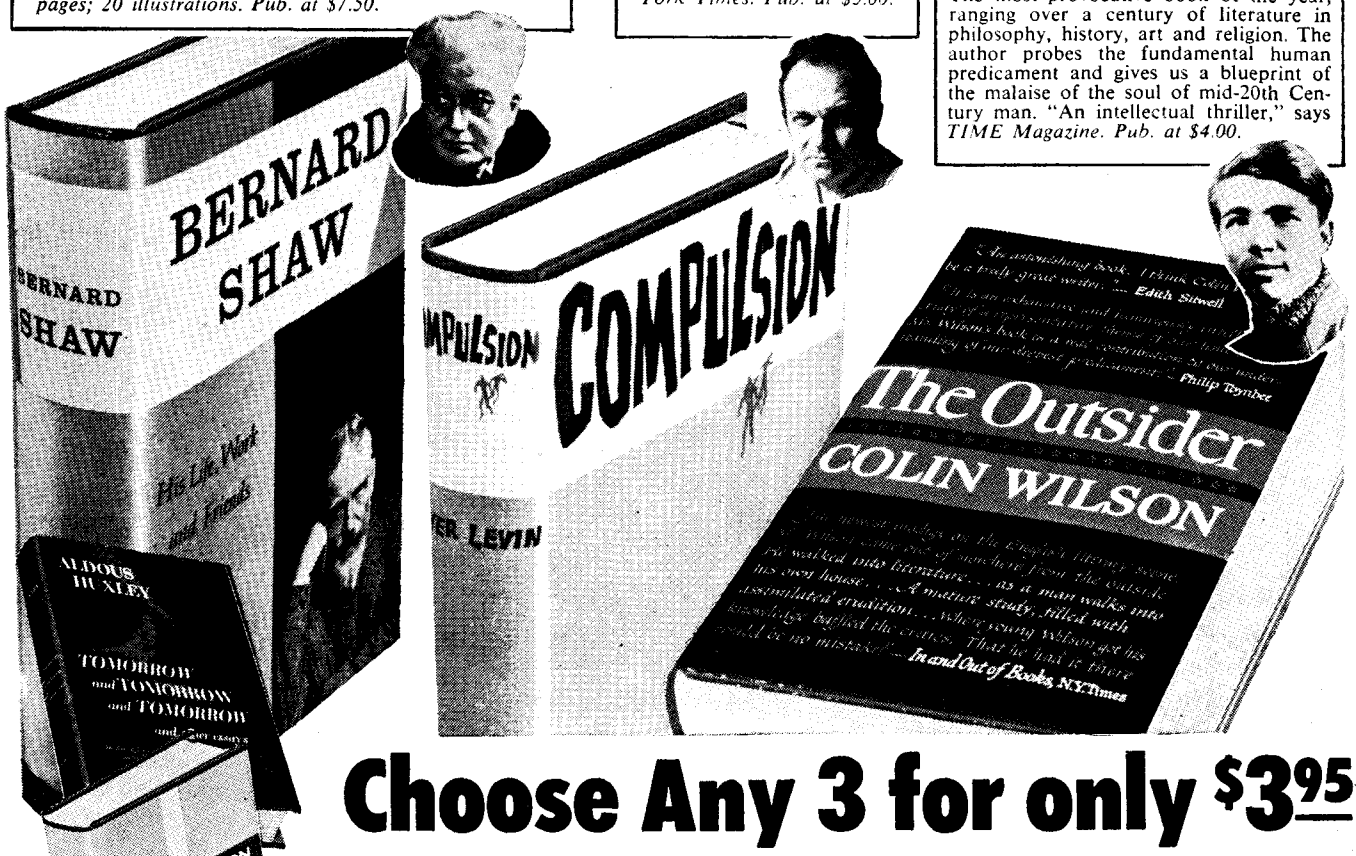

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